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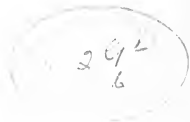
THE BOOK
OF THE
PLEASANT LEGENDS,
THOUGHTFUL HOURS,
AND
TENDER MELODIES,
SECULAR AND SACRED,
BEING
A COLLECTION OF CHOICE SELECTIONS
FROM THE WRITINGS OF
GEORGE WASHINGTON KETTOMAN.

ANNO DOMINI 1875.



GETTYSBURG :

J. E. WIBLE PRINTER, CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND NORTH STREETS.
1875.



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THE MOUNTAIN BARD.

BY REV. EDWIN H. NEVIN, D. D.

We had occasion recently to visit one of the most beautiful sections of Pennsylvania, where mountain, valley, and stream combine to create the various types of landscape so necessary to the development of the poetical element in man's nature, and, while enjoying the peaceful quietude of a retired and unfrequented village, at the hospitable home of the village pastor, we met with a youth, of some eighteen or twenty years, whose history interested us greatly.

We learned of him that he was born near the town of Gettysburg, in Adams County, Pennsylvania, if we rightly remember, in the year 1853, but when very young removed with his parents to the mountains in the southwestern part of his native county, where he yet resided at the time of our meeting.

As we first saw him entering the pastor's home, there was nothing very noticeable in his appearance. Rustic and unpretending in his manners and bearing, with no apparent effort to cultivate fashion or style, the main thing we observed was that he was a young man of thoughtful mould, earnest heart, clear eye, and an evident fixedness of purpose. Having a roll in his hand, he reminded us somewhat of Bunyan's portraiture of the Pilgrim. From the estimable pastor we learned that he was a youth of uncommon natural abilities, and after having read a short literary production of his, were astonished at learning he was *entirely self-taught*. Reared in the midst of the friendly forest which yield to his father a scanty support, with no near neighbors and but few friends with whom to hold intercourse, the youth grew up in solitude, making his companions of the trees and flowers of the mountainside, the crystal bounding brooks and streamlets, and the birds who awoke him with their early matinal warbling.

With these surroundings, the tendency of most minds would have been toward the unthinking wildness of the "gentle savage." There was no incentive to intellectual exertion or improvement. But it seems that the majestic works of God were silent teachers to the thirsty soul of *this* boy. The grand scenery that stretched in wide

expanse before his view as he stood in the cottage door seemed to stir his soul with high purposes and noble resolves. The rustling leaves and the sighing winds whispered to him the most delightful thoughts of poesy, and all of nature's handiwork brought to his eager, receptive mind views of the Divine Creator who made all things and pronounced them good.

Humanly speaking, this young mind stood alone. There was no sympathetic or appreciative person at hand to draw out and develop the germs of genius which stirred within him; and, to all appearances there was no alternative but that he should, when he arrived at a sufficient age, shoulder his polished axe and follow the humble pursuit of his aged parent.

This indeed he was required to do, and he did it without complaint, but with each reverberating blow of the axe it would seem new and heaven-sent thoughts germinated in his mind.

At night, while the aged wood-chopper and family slept the sleep that comes only to honest toil, the boy pored over his books, endeavoring to satisfy his thirst for knowledge, and upon many a belated traveler has the light of his tallow dip gleamed out from the little window of his attic chamber. We had an opportunity later to examine particularly some of the writings of this highly gifted youth, and we took pains to show them to friends of literary culture on our return to Philadelphia, all of whom were greatly impressed with the undoubted evidences of his genius.

He has written several thousand pages of manuscript, but has never published anything, except probably, a few stray short poems. Perhaps seclusion for a short time yet may be conducive to his welfare as a forthcoming writer, that when he does come forth, he may do so with the more power and lustre. Nearly all the great poets of the world have been men of humble birth, and we anticipate for this promising young man a brilliant future.—*Philadelphia Commercial and Manufacturers' Gazette*.

GEORGE WASHINGTON KETTOMAN was born about two miles from Gettysburg, in the county of Adams, and State of Pennsylvania, on the 17th day of April, 1853.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

The following one hundred selected from about three thousand pages, dear reader, are dedicated to you. I trust you will read them with impartiality and kindly feeling toward the author, thereby doing to another as I know you would have him do to you. I invite a *just* criticism from all. You will find my writings savor of *sorrow*, and even *death*—know this that I have suffered! Hoping you may find a rich moral on every page I remain in tender communion

Your Friend the

RINGGOLD, MD., 1875.

BARD.



Pleasant Legends



PLEASANT LEGENDS.

CELESTA.

Hear it and die ! the story of Celesta fair ;
Few souls have heard it in this world of care,
And yet it is so wondrous, pure, and sweet,
That in the feeling heart it takes its seat,
And reigns supreme in Memory's pictured hall,
Even till death's deep shadows darken all :
But 'tis so fraught with the strange mysteries of the sky,
That men know but one half, the rest belongs on high.

Far off in a warm southern sea there lies
A blooming isle 'neath soft cerulean skies,
Where frost and wintry storms were never known,
And from where gay song birds have never flown,
And various flowers blossom the year round,
And spangle all the green delightful ground ;
Where faint winds blend their hymn with that of falling rills,
And rainbows bend and burn above the ancient hills.

And it is said this Paradise on earth
Is the proud land of fair Celesta's birth,
Radiant Celesta, sweeter, fairer far,
Than fairest nymphs of spicy Scio are ;
More pure in heart, more heavenly in mind,
Than all the rest of sinful human kind :
So beautiful that man in awe of her did live,
Nor dared the noblest youth for her pure heart to strive !

But she in her divinity of charms,
Won from the skies an angel to her arms ;
BARTHUS, the fair, seraphic, pure, and bright.
An usher at the eternal gates of light,
Bearing one of the twelve enchanted keys,
That ope the pearly gates of Paradise,
At word of High Commandment leading faithful souls
Into that glorious place where Life's clear river rolls.

And ever when the sun sank down to rest,
And cool the red heart throbbing in his breast.
Afar where the west wind is never laid,
Celesta's angel lover swiftly sped,
On flaming wings down the deep saffron sky,
To that joy-crowned, best island of the sea,
By leave Divine to woo by starlight's early glow,
This strange, sweet nymph, for Heaven had willed it so.

There stood a quaint white castle by the sea,
Ancient and lone, propping the bending sky,
On that green isle, and lo ! I've heard it said,
That with fond wings low drooping o'er her head,
Reclining on the wall of highest tow'r,
Through all the mellow twilight's dreamy hour,
He'd hold her to his heart breathing Elysian love ;
Wooing her spotless soul for the bright world above !

But ever when deep darkness veiled the strand,
He spread his wings for Eden's morn-lit land ;
And by the ling'ring, wreathing train of light,
Far-seeing Celesta traced his rapid flight,
Until she heard low sounding from afar,
The faint, sweet ringing of a silver bar ;

And saw a great white gate yield to his passing form,
Then silent shut upon its clear gold hinges turn.

But once when the great sun like a grim god,
Supine tossed on the Western ocean broad,
In wrath splashing his gleaming fire afar,
Till the divine demeanor'd evening star
Like a strangely sweet half playful nymph in love,
Smiling shook out her wild gold hair above
The yellow hills, down from the bended heavens came
The sweet-eyed BARTHUS riding on a wreathing flame!

Sandals of gold were braided to his feet,
And swan-white raiment, lustrous, pure, and sweet,
Fell gracefully from his shoulders white and round,
And flowed in folds of light toward the ground.
Crowned were his clust'ring locks that wanton rolled
About his neck like coils of melted gold ;
But all unheeded was the beauty of his form,
When his impassion'd harp gave forth its magic charm.

Down by the wide gates of the purple sea
With her he sat alone, where wild and free
The spicy evening gales sped laughing by ;
And the wild stars were kindling in the sky,
When o'er the flaming chords he threw his hand,
And woke a deep song of the Better Land,
Where sorrow, pain, and death are feared and felt no more.
And joy ecstatic drowns thoughts of the pains of yore.

And of a Holy City with bright walls he sung,
Sitting in light the amber clouds among,
With gates of pearl, and glass-clear golden streets,
And breezy bowers filled with flow'ry sweets,

That never fading cluster on the margins of
The pure, bright river-tide of Life and Love,
That flows where neither sun nor moon have need to shine,
But all walk in the glory of the Lamb Divine.

And of a country glorious, green and fair,
And breathed upon by pure, Elysian air,
Where angels walk in love by peaceful streams,
That softly purl like sounds in Summer dreams;
And wild aerial music floats along,
Each living slope blent with the seraph's song;
Where guileless souls commune with angels sweet and fair,
Wearing bright crowns of gold in joy and gladness there.

With far-off, dreamy notes the deep lay closed,
And loved Celesta's cheek softly reposed
Upon his heart as if she dreaming lay,
Dreaming deep dreams of beauty far away!
But soon her lips grew pale—oh, it was death!
Without a sigh she breathed her parting breath:
Her soft blue eyes were closed to sleep forever more;
And her freed soul prepared to greet the shining shore!

And two immortal bodies, heavenly fair,
On glittering wings rose singing in the air:
He clasp'd her in his arms with sinless pride,
And joyfully bore off his radiant bride,
To that sweet land which oft he'd told her of,
Where all is joy, and harmony, and love:
Where Life's bright river laves her shores of burnished gold,
And souls remember not the miseries of old!

A many a sun has rose and set in gold
On that sweet island of the ocean old,

Since there in love sainted Celesta strayed,
Where now her earthly frame lies all decayed,
But where an ancient cliff's dark shadows fall,
A marble spire stands weird, and white, and tall,
Unto this day, deep carved with legendary lore,
That her strange life might be forgotten never more.

THE LEGEND OF ALVIN AND MYRA.

Come, Heavenly Muse, delightful wanderer, come,
Through unknown realms no longer silent roam,
But while the soulful Even pensive reigns
O'er seas, and hills, and vales, and verdant plains,
Tune thy wild lyre to notes so soft and deep,
That youths will sigh and lovelorn maidens weep
At each sad closing strain. It was when first
The soul of Right oppressed began to thirst
For tyrants' blood in her own garden land,
(While Freedom blessed goddess whet the brand!)
That Alvin brave and Myra gay in youth,
Sought the Elysium of Love and Truth.

Over the amber-girdled hills of Morn
With joyous smile, came forth the day, new-born,
Proud plumed with gold, when Alvin bid adieu
To her to whom his heart was ever true,
And with the love-tear twinkling in his eye,
Went forth for *her* and *home* to *do* or *die*

The cool, dim world was still; the wild winds bound
Within their rocky cells; the velvet ground

Was sparkling with the cold, bright tears of night,
When Myra, in the setting moon's pale light,
By the dark river stood, 'neath spangled skies
Alone, with broken heart and streaming eyes.
Complaining thus to the weird silence there,
And the wild spirit of the midnight air:
"Alas, he cometh not, he cometh not, how sad!
Surely my Alvin slumbers with the dead!
Have I not watching seen the day die out
In the red West, where now the moon doth float
A-low, and yet he cometh not! Ah me,
I would that I were in Eternity!
Give way, ye golden gates! I come, I come
To dwell with him where parting is unknown!"
So saying from her belt a blade she drew
Of silver wrought, and pierced her poor heart through,
And while her curdling blood ran fast and red,
Her soft blue eyes she closed among the dead:
And Alvin speeding down the river home,
Heard from the shore his Myra's dying groan,
And thither ran his boat, and found distressed,
The heart-blood oozing from his dear one's breast.
He knew it all, the sad, sad story of her fate,
And as he wept he said, "Too late, too late!"

A moment by her side he trembling stood,
Then gently raised her from her couch of blood,
And frantic laid her in his boat's deep prow,
And pushed a-wave with pale and swollen brow,
And with the seathing tide glid dolefully on,
Like a dim spectre in the night!

The moon

Was down, and nought but wild stars in the sky.
(Lighting the way of his love's soul on high!)
When grief-worn Alvin bore the dead a-shore,
And sank with grief down at his cottage door.
He clasped his hands in deep distress, his eyes
Half vacant fixed on the far midnight skies—
One moment still—then burst his woe a-wild,
And thus his soul from hope and peace exiled
Bleeding complained: "O Myra, Myra, dear!
Joy of my youth, hope of each early year,
Heartbroken thou hast suffer'd death for me,
And I in fond return will die for thee!"
So saying from her bosom fair he drew
The knife all dripping with her blood so true,
And plunged it through his own sad heart and cried,
"O Death! thy waves no longer shall divide
Our fond twin souls! On a celestial shore
We're meeting, Myra dear, to part no more;
Welcome thy groom, my angel bride!" Thus said,
He lay upon her breast silent and dead,
Mingling his blood with hers!

When the blest Day

Led forth by incense-breathing Morn so gay,
Bright in her zoneless saffron mantle clad,
Made vales, and plains, and steepy mountains glad,
Sad hearts mourned o'er them there, and when
The tender Moon looked down from Heaven again,
She bowed her head upon her cold, white throne,
And wept above their graves so still and lone;
And even yet her tears are known to flow,
At this sad legend of a hundred years ago!

UNDER THE LINDEN TREES.

A MAY LEGEND.

These beautiful days so long and bright,
So full of music and fond delight,
Recall to the youthful poet's mind,
A story his heart has long enshrined.
A parent kind in the years of yore,
Delighted in telling it o'er and o'er;
It happen'd beyond the Eastern seas,
Under the shadow of linden trees.

She dwelt in England's proudest halls
Where the light of genius lit the walls;
Where harp, and lute, in the pillar'd shade,
Rang to the praise of this high-born maid;
For fair she was as the angels are,
And minstrels called her the "Castle Star,"
And many an earl, and duke, and knight,
Sought her hand and heart in wild delight,
But ever her lute in dreamy lay,
Sang of a loved one far away;
And the shoreward gaze of her sweet dark eyes,
Seemed to say her heart was over the seas!
Even so it was—and she did yearn
Alone for her warrior's glad return;
For she on that day was to wedded be
Under the boughs of the linden tree.

How strong is the love of a human soul,
When the ripples of song through the spirit roll,

And poesy tinges our visions with gold,
And fills the young heart with joy untold !
So 'twas with her—from her childhood years
She had been a being of sudden tears,
Of sudden smiles, and passionate dreams ;
Quick light and shade—*celestial* gleams !
Her heart was a lyre of ethereal sound ;
Just waiting the touch of the breeze unbound !
And oft had she stilled the wild, proud dance,
And fixed bright eyes in a wonder-trance,
While her fervent lute in its melting flame,
Won her beautiful brow the laurels of fame.
Such was this high-born English maid,
She of the souls' quick light and shade.

But the sword is sheathed o'er the conquered Dane ;
Victorious galleys plough the main ;
And their oar-spray bathes the English shore,
For the true and brave are home once more !
And cymbal, and clarion, harp, and voice,
In one mingled stream of sound rejoice,
While England's beautiful daughters smile,
To welcome the brave to their native isle ;
And fairest and brightest of all this day,
Clad in her snow-white bridal array,
Comes she of the soul's quick light and shade,
Among ten thousand the fairest maid !
With the lute he loved in bright days gone,
To welcome her gallant bridegroom home :
And her voice grows proud when the thrill of fame
Gives a double sweetness to his name !
She comes with her woman's faith strong and bright,

And a bosom filled with hope and light ;
And her heart melts as the soft May breeze
Rustles the leaves of the linden trees !

But the boat of her lover has touched the shore,
And all with her forever is o'er !
Whom leads he forth with a step of pride ?
Lo ! his eyes turn fond on a foreign bride !
And the poor forsaken, so true and sweet,
Trembling fell dead at her rival's feet,
And her dying moan on the warm May breeze
Went sadly up through the linden trees !

THE BRIDE OF THE SIERRAS.

Have you heard the mournful story
Of the bride of the Sierras,
In the vale of Aganotha,
That to me forever dear is ?
'T was in Autumn's time of yellow,
When the days are long and mellow,
That I met my Indian love,
Where the hemlocks bent above,
On a slope of the Sierras,
That to me forever dear is.

Lovely maiden was my Alvah,
Fairest on the pine-crowned mountains,
And her voice was like the murmur,
Of a hundred pleasant fountains,

As I led her down the hillside,
Gently to the valley rillside,
Where her father's wigwam stood,
In the shadow of a wood,
Near a lake of the Sierras,
That to me forever dear is.

When reposing near the chieftain,
By the rill of limpid water,
There I told him all the story,
How I'd loved his beauteous daughter,
All the long and lovely Summer,
All the blissful, passionate Summer!
And I now implored her hand
Till we'd join the spirit-band,
Far beyond the reach of sorrow,
In the land of the To-morrow.

He a moment looked about him :
Threw an arrow in the water :
Then he said no roving paleface
E'er should wed his lovely daughter.
Then sweet Alvah sank down weeping,
With her hair her hot tears seeping,
And I too looked forth with tears,
To the future's lonely years,
And I loathed this land of sorrow,
Longing for the bright To-morrow.

Then the chieftain's lovely daughter
Rose and stately stood before him ;
And I saw as he looked at her
That a gloom was spreading o'er him ;

But he yet withheld the arrow
To throw back in sign of sorrow.

Then she drew a flaming knife,
Saying, "I am sick of life,
If I may not wed my lover
I'm the bride of the Forever!"

But he caught the thirsty weapon
Ere it reached her throbbing bosom,
And I saw that he was troubled
For his lovely forest blossom ;
And he quickly drew an arrow
Cast it back in sign of sorrow :

Then he said, "My fair child, tell,
If thou knowest not too well,
Thou art promised to Wakana,
To the eagle-eyed Wakana ?

He is fleetest on the mountains :
His canoe *flies* on the water ;
He is fearless in the battle :

Wed Wakana, O my daughter !
But she cried, "Give me my lover,
Or I wed the strange Forever !"

And she shuddered in her pain,
And her tears ran down like rain,
For she loved not young Wakana,
E'en the eagle-eyed Wakana.

Then her father looked about him,
For his heart was smit with sorrow,
And he answered, "If it *must* be

Ye shall wedded be to-morrow !”
Then her heart began to lighten,
And her lovely face to brighten,
And she kissed her father’s cheek,
With sweet lips too glad to speak ;
And her dark eyes turned to Heaven
For the peace within her given.

In the vale of Aganotha
Soon the lone night spread the shadow ;
And the moonbeams pale lay rocking
On the long grass of the meadow.
But all night I heard a moaning,
A low, sad, and solemn moaning,
Like the wail of troubled love,
Seeming in the air above,
And I said, “It is a token
That a heart will yet be broken !”

O’er the east hills rose the Morning
On her wings so pure and golden,
And the world teemed with the rapture
Of the passion sweet and olden ;
For the wild birds all were singing,
And the hills and valleys ringing,
When I led my Indian bride
Downward to the green lakeside,
Where the water’s gladsome quiver
Seemed to say, “Ye’re one forever.”

In the shadow of an oak tree,
On the shore of the clear lakelet,

Did they place us, and laid gently
On our brows the beaded circlet.
We exchanged our strings of wampum,
Strings of highly polished wampum :
And they loosed the bridal dove,
To bear tidings far above,
To the loved beyond the river,
On the shores of the Forever!

When we rose and stood together
To receive the heart-felt blessing,
From the near, the dear, and tender.
But we heard an arrow passing!
Passing near us, very near us,
And a moment more my dearest.
Sank to earth with all her love,
And her spirit with the dove,
Crossed the cold, white, silent river
To the land of the Forever!

And at falling of the even,
In that valley lone, yet lovely,
When a storm was on the mountains,
And the clouds were dark above me,
And the heavy-hearted thunder
Smote the mighty clouds asunder,
I my lovely Alvah laid
In the low land of the dead!
And my tears ran like a river
For the bride of the Forever!

And I cursed the dark Wakana,
The revengeful wretch Wakana,

Though his corpse lay cold and bloody
On the sands of lake Chawana !
And a willow green I planted
By the long grave of the sainted,
That it ne'er might be denied
Where I laid my Indian bride,
In that vale of the Sierras,
That to me forever dear is.

And though now I own another
To my bosom very dear is,
I shall ne'er forget that loved one
Sleeping in the far Sierras !
As I speak a rapture thrills me,
And a guardian spirit tells me,
When a few more days are past,
I shall meet her mid the Blest,
Far beyond the mystic river,
In the bright and sweet Forever !

ALVAR AND ORA.

A SCOTTISH IDYL.

Beyond the crown of dark, grim Ben Na Garr
The weary sun had just sunk down to rest,
And cool within the west wind's gates afar
The red heart throbbing madly in his breast.
The evening star, clad in her yellow vest,
Smiled as he fondly twined her long light hair,
And being by his lips of amber kiss'd

Sought her gold throne and reign'd in beauty there,
When side by side Alvar and Ora strayed,
A brave and noble youth, a fair and blooming maid.

Alvar—death had no terrors feared by him !
A hero's heart was his from earliest youth :
His form was tall, of round and sinewy limb,
His dauntless eyes were dark and full of truth.
Ora might have been called the queen of Earth,
So fair she was, so angel-like and sweet :
Thoughtful her eye, yet curled her lip with mirth,
And light as air the falling of her feet :
Her cheeks were rosy as a summer dawn ;
Her brow was like the snow, her bosom like the swan.

Along the dewy steep they bent their way,
Where merl and mavis poured their mellow lays,
Gazing upon the lake which 'neath them lay,
So still, dim glimmering through the twilight haze.
They talked of love and truth's unchanging ways ;
Of virtue born to live when time is done :
Then stayed their steps upon a breezy raise,
Far out upon the hillside all alone,
And there while cooed yet one sweet wakeful dove,
They sank in other's arms and pledged their hearts in love.

'T was springtime—all the vale was fresh and green
As Eden's bosom when first seen by man ;
The hills looked proud, with deep, dark glens between,
Down whose green straths a many a fountain ran.
Just where a long and fertile slope begins
Old Pibor's ivy-girdled turrets rose ;
There dwelt the chief of the Glenronald clan,

Fierce as the storm that from the North pole blows!
'Twas Alvar's home—he with his father dwelt,
And like him wore with pride the sable plume and belt.

The growing sound of revelry rolled through,
Like a wild storm those ancient vaulted halls;
Music pealed loud and quick, and swift feet flew
Till lance and spear thrilled on the banner'd walls.
Sweet eyes looked tenderly on eyes that gave
Back tokens of response in flashes bright;
For there were gather'd all the fair and brave
That loyal were to Pibor's noble knight—
All, all were there except the gallant groom,
His face had not been seen after the hour of noon.

The sun was well nigh down. The bride looked sad,
And tears began to pearl her sweet blue eyes:
From guest to guest the new-caught panic spread,
And music glad gave place to mournful cries.
“Fly, fly o'er all Glengloamin's hazelly leas,
The lord of Pibor cried at set of sun,
Surely some sad mishap hath sealed his eyes,
Or long ere this my Alvar would have come!”
They flew—they eager searched till end of light,
But Alvar young and brave was still a missing knight.

So it was dark, and slumber'd all the flocks;
And then began the moon so wild and sweet,
To braid by clear Loch-leal her silver locks,
And in the water bathe her swany feet.
Thither they went to search by her soft light,
And there the youthful warrior bleeding lay
Upon the cold, red sand, a piteous sight,

His wounded bosom bathed with chilly spray.
Slow was his pulse, the death-dew damp't his face,
And he was sinking fast into the tomb's embrace !

Cold by his side a lowland Douglas slept,
Slept where he groaning fell and dying bled :
His mighty axe though by the white waves lapped,
Still with a hundred heroes' blood was red !
Gently they bore the wounded Alvar home,
And gave him to his wildly weeping bride ;
While his stern father through the hazels' gloom,
Dragged the great Douglas after him with pride ;
And at his castle door arrived he tore
The vestment off the huge breast black with curdled gore.

And open'd the red pit of life, and took
The bruised heart from its lurking place,
And with a savage hand and demon's look
Cast it unto his lank hounds of the chase !
Then dipped his finger in the rich red blood
That gathered in the hollow of the breast,
And ran and wrote with eyes flaming and proud,
His son's name o'er his downy couch of rest !
And when returned, fierce flames began to flash,
And feed the winds the stench of burning human flesh !

Slowly the weary Summer rolled along ;
As slowly Alvar's strength returned to him :
But when sere Autumn wailed the hills among,
He was restored fully in every limb ;
And with his brother Selma on the hills
Slaughter'd the speckled grouse and spotted roe ;

And later through the long, dark highland vales
Poured war's red flood on thousands down below,
Revengeful for the blood which he had lost,
By the stern leader of the mightiest lowland host.

But by and by the Spring returned again,
With sunny skies and blossoms for the pea :
Softly the cuckoo poured her simple strain,
And fountains leaped along each highland lea.
And one sweet even, when the round full moon,
With merry smile danced in a hundred rills,
Alvar and Ora in the mellow gloom,
Strayed out along the slope of dewy hills,
Till on a jutting cliff they sat them down,
Under the holy heavens' fire bestudded crown.

He showed her to the vale where Loch-leal lies,
Far down, faint glimmering through the sable gloom :
Then pointed her up to the starry skies,
Where happy aye the blest ones have their home.
Her silken curls lay tawny on his breast ;
Her eyes upturned to his with melting ray ;
When lo ! by some dark hidden hand being cast,
A well directed arrow sped its way,
And from her neck his foud arms fell apart,
The shaft was in his brain, the death-pain at his heart !

Thus died the noble Alvar, true and brave,
And long in Pibor's halls a shadow dim,
Like desolation's shade, drear as the grave,
Dwelt dire, for deeply each heart mourned for him :
And every morn his long grave by the wold

Was sweet with flow'rs of every breath and hue.
Ah! love worthy the name never grows cold,
Nor recollection dim when hearts are true.
Sweet is the gleam of Memory's gentle wave,
And holy is the love that doth survive the grave!

Time traveled by. Another spring had spread
Over green Albin's hills her airy reign;
All the sweet meads, and woods, gay birds made glad,
And every flow'r had donned the bloom again.
And now Selma by gentle Ora's side
Began to stray with words of tender tone;
And often while a-west the white day died,
He linger'd by his brother's grave so lone,
And spoke to her of that fast-coming day,
When they should strike glad hands in mansions far away.

And oft he cursed the dark, sin-blacken'd fiend,
That wrought the hellish deed, and firmly swore,
If e'er the perpetrator's name should come to hand,
The brown earth like a wolf should drink his gore!
And ever when the tear bedim'd her eyes,
And woe coiled viper-like about her heart,
He show'd her with compassion to the skies,
Where all the faithful meet no more to part,
And said, "Why should you longer weep, sweet dove?"
Thus wicked Selma won his murder'd brother's love!

Again the harpers harp in Pibor's halls,
And wild, and mad, the slogan dance goes round,
Till spear, and lance, thrill on the ancient walls,
Whose strong foundations tremble in the ground:
All day it has been so, but now the hour,

The proud, and calmer bridal hour has come,
And Ora, sweet Glengloamin's lovely flow'r,
Is to be wed, and Selma is the groom!
Selma, Selma! 't were better far for thee
A millstone held thee down, e'en in the deep mid sea!

The holy man of God before them stands,
Enrobed in his long sacerdotal stole;
But lo! as they prepare to join their hands
The bells upon the tow'rs begin to toll!
The tapers drop their flames and dimly burn,
With weird white glare, and from the marble floor
A spirit rises with a look forlorn—
The very belt and plume that Alvar wore!
O God! the blood was on his smitten brow,
And through the arrow-gash his brains began to flow!

On him all eyes alike were horror-bound,
As with a groan he raised his hands in air,
And cried with a deep voice of doleful sound:
“*Selma, Selma! thou art my murderer!*”
Then while a rumbling rent the vaulted halls,
And smote in twain the war-proof great hall door,
And lance and spear fell from the quaking walls,
And with *dead Selma* tossed upon the floor,
The spectre fled, and all was still again
As was the voiceless earth, before the birth of man.

Upon the morrow, by the sun's red fire
They laid the wicked Selma's bones to rest,
Upon a cliff of dark, stern Ben Na Garr,
Where the foul vulture builds her filthy nest!
There he the awful judgment day doth wait,

His only brother's murderer, yea worse!
Well he deserved a gentle mother's hate,
And merited a dying father's curse!
Despised be his demon-haunted grave,
Where odious vultures croak, and serpents hiss and rave!

Now o'er these scenes a silence broods profound :
The ivy creeps o'er Pibor's ruined walls ;
She hears no more the clash of arms resound,
Nor dance, nor music cheers her crumbling halls.
And long the lamp of heaven has peace'ly shone
Upon the spot where gentle Ora lies,
Close by her Alvar, near the wold so lone—
We hope their souls do love in Paradise!
Then let us strive, while in this world of care,
Through faith to meet them too in love and glory there.

THE TURKISH PRINCESS.

Within the walls of Varna grey
A captive pined his life away,
For all his thoughts was his sweet home,
Afar where Thames' blue waters foam.

Oft to his dismal, gloomy cell
A blooming Eastern lady came,
Amid the flash of diamonds' flame,
But of her visits none could tell
The import, till one blessed day
In a Sultana's grand array,

Nobly she stood by that chained youth,
While in her eyes so full of truth,
Trembled the holy drops of ruth.

“Tell me this day, the princess said,
O captive, thy true history:
Medreams that it must woeful be:
Tell me the truth, be not afraid !”

“O lady fair, why ask me this ?
Canst thou restore my soul to peace ?
I am a mother’s only son ;
Disconsolate she dwells alone
By the far Thames’ blue rolling stream,
In a white cottage on the green,
With none on earth to care for her,
While he who used to soothe her care,
And fondly twine her long black hair,
Now far from her sheds the sad tear,
Bound down in prison dark and drear !

“They bore me here from walled Belgrade,
Where I was a poor prisoner made,
When Turk and Christian met to bleed,
Each hero for his native creed.
And now you know, O lady fair,
My history, and why I ’m here
Pouring like rain the soul’s deep tear.”

She looked on him, her eye grew dim,
With gracious pity’s holy dew,
And softly said, with drooping head

And burning cheeks of crimson hue,
The bloom of love, "O gentle youth.
For thee my heart is filled with ruth,
And I ere long will set thee free,
And risk my life for love and thee,
If I dare hope my heart in time
May find a sweet response in thine!"

Night threw her sable mantle o'er
The Black Sea's hollow-sounding shore ;
The night wind blew, the lightning flash'd,
The thunder rolled, the waters dashed,
When to his cell the princess came,
In garb that knew no diamond's flame,
And with her own soft, tiny hands
Loosed from his limbs the heavy bands,
Saying, "dear youth, I come to prove
My words of pity and of love !
And now my hands do set thee free ;
But I must fly for life with thee
Unto the far-off Christian land,
Hoping thou 'lt ever love me, and
Thy people may my people be
Henceforth to all eternity ;
Or, if escape cannot be made,
I 'll sink with thee among the dead !"

He sprang out of the drear confine
Of clanking links with eager start,
And caught her to his grateful heart,
And said, "Sweet girl thou art *divine* !"
And kissed her o'er and o'er again,
The while his tears ran down like rain !

'Tis said for many a pleasant year
 They lived and loved, nor knew a tear,
 They lived and loved where roses blow
 By Thames' blue waters soft and slow,
 The humble Knight of Walsinggrove,
 And his high-born imperial love!
 And now a costly monument
 Of sculptur'd marble gleaming white
 Beneath the wild, sweet Summer light,
 Where royal flow'rs the breezes scent,
 Stands high the resting place to prove
 Of Rudolph and his Eastern love:
 Close side by side in one grave deep
 They take their everlasting sleep.

DELZA'S LEAP.

A POEM AFTER THE STYLE OF "ULLA, OR THE ABJURATION," BY MRS. HEMANS.

Beyond Mt. Etna's burning crown,
 That thousands so admire,
 The king of day had just sunk down.
 Upon his couch of fire.

Oh, come to me, do come to me! arise thee from thy sleep!
 Oh, come, love, to my arms from out the mournf'ly sounding
 deep!

I do not dread thy hollow eye, nor thy white bony brow!
 Love has no fears: then rise, sweet love, come to my bosom
 now.

I know thy bed is in the brine where sea-weeds float and coil,
Where mighty monsters in their strength make the deep
waters boil,
For I've out-watched the stars of night and seen thee not on
high,
Nor while I searched o'er all the earth have found thy smil-
ing eye.

'Twas Delza's voice in wailing mood
That o'er the waters broke,
As high above the sea she stood,
Poised on a tow'ring rock!

Come to my arms, Ianthis dear, 'tis thy own Delza calls,
The mournful shadow of the grave has spread through all
her halls,
And she has come to call thee forth, or sink to rest with thee.
And lie upon thy cold, white breast below the moaning sea!
Oh, answer me, or rise thee up; why let me idly shriek?
I will not shudder if I see thy bloodless lip and cheek!
O mighty sea! give up thy dead, thou hast who once was
mine;
Open your stormy gates, ye waves, and my lost love resign!

With wild bright eye she scanned the deep,
Red with the sunset's glow,
But only saw the ripples leap,
And dance in light below!

O lost Ianthis, by the slow and torturous death I die!
By all the tears I've shed for thee! by bright days long gone by!
By hope that loath'd to yield its place to pain and dark de-
spair!

By every sigh I've breathed for thee, by every heart-felt prayer,
By every searching look I've cast among the stars of night,
And every trial made on earth to find my heart's delight!
And by the fearful, fatal leap thy loved one soon shall take,
Arise and speak that I may live, rise for compassion sake!

She paused—and was it but a dream
Her yearning spirit had?
Or did Ianthis stand amain
With visage pale and sad!

The heartless deep has heard! and where the glassy waters
gleam

I see my own Ianthus rise with eyes bloodshot and dim!
Leave not thy grave, O weary one, go back unto thy rest!
And to thy coral chamber I'll go down, e'en to thy breast,
And mid the long lost things of earth, and treasures rich and
rare,

The tide shall lave our pallid cheeks and braid our wavy hair,
And with the ocean's wave-tossed dead we'll make our silent
home,

Oh, sink back to thy dreamless rest, behold, beloved, I come!

A white robe flaunting in the breeze,
A plunge with hollow boom,
And Sicily's fairest daughter lies
Low in a watery tomb!

GERTRUDE VON WEIBER'S DEATH.

When the red gold of eventime burned on the distant hills,
And lonely winds sighed mournfully where the blue Rhine
moaning swells,

Fair Gertrude stood with eyes upcast toward the grim grey
tow'r,

God only knows the pain she bore in that dark, dreadful hour!
Her hands were clasped upon her heart, her tongue was
speechless bound

Until she heard the falling blade of the guillotine resound.

And then her marble lips found words, and she began to weep:
"Henri! Henri! I cannot live, my love is far too deep!

But not more so than thine, dear one, for thou hast died for me,
Hast made a mighty sacrifice, that I will make for thee:

I know there is a world on high where love knows no restraint,
Where loom no hoary prison walls, and rapture fears no taint.

There will I follow thy dear soul, that spirit spotless white,
And reign with thee in thy new home in everlasting light;
For I have made my peace with Heaven, I feel it in my heart:
The tomb's become a gate of gold, I'm ready to depart!
Farewell, deluding world below, now all my pangs are past:
Farewell, ye cruel, envious hearts, Henri is mine at last!

Once more her sad, dark eyes she turned toward the fatal
tow'r;

Her red-flushed cheeks gave back their blood, her tongue
losed all its pow'r,

And with a pale hand she unsheathed a dagger's thirsty blade,

And thrust it through her faithful heart, and sank among
the dead !

And when the swan-white-mantled moon came forth to bless
the night,

Fair Gertrude's soul we all believe reigned in immortal light.

They found her body on the morn, stain'd with her poor
heart's gore,

And then a cruel father mourned a daughter his no more !

And with repentant tears he laid her down by Henri's side,

Crying, "Alas ! my broken heart shall ever rue its pride !

Forgive me, spirits of the dead, (may God forgive me too !)

The cruel deed that laid ye low this heart shall ever rue !

And then a costly monument he o'er their bosoms placed,

Two kneeling cherubim are there, with hands devoutly
clasped :

With crosses framed about their necks 'mid ivy leaves and
blooms,

They spread a holy halo 'round the fated lovers' tombs.

And at their feet bold letters tell a tale of love and death,

Of envy, and revenge, and pride, and hope, and truth, and
faith.

Oh ! lovely in this world of sin are *truth* and *faith* divine ;

For such as own these sacred boons bright crowns of glory
shine ;

Only the faithful and the true compose the favor'd good,

Who gain the great high Master's grace, and share his blest
abode.

Then let no envy nor falsehood e'er rouse an unjust wrath,

Or taint the *truth* of those who read Gertrude Von Weiber's
death.

THE TOMB OF THE CHEVALIER.

Far away on the bank of a slow rolling river,
Where the myrtle and orange luxuriant bloom,
The last flaming dart from the sun's golden quiver
Gleams red through the vines on the Chevalier's tomb.

There all the day long the wild sparrow keeps singing,
And the ortolan moans to the red setting sun;
And there when the jewels of heaven are shining,
To sigh through the tall reeds the lonely winds come.

There we laid him to rest on the field of proud honor,
Enwrapped in the flag of the country he loved;
And our hearts rose aloft to the blessed rest donor,
Who unto Himself had our comrade removed.

There sadly in life's sunny morning we laid him,
Ere the radiant hopes of his boyhood had fled;
And the portraiture fair of a sunny-eyed maiden,
With gold was enchained to the breast of the dead!

They had met and learned love in the far-away bowers
Of the vale of their homes—by the blue Delaware,
There oft he had crown'd her with wild woven flowers,
And set the wild rose in her raven-black hair.

But war's loud alarm through our country was sounded,
And heroes were martialed for glory or death;
The lovers were parted and sorrow resounded,
As the chevalier rode to his tomb in the South.

Oh! sweet be his rest where the orange trees blossom,
For he taketh his sleep with the glorious brave,
With the gift of his loved one still chained to his bosom,
Enwrapped in the flag that he died for to save!

THE FOREST SISTERS.

Where a Western mountain slopes,
T'ward the silver moon's white halls,
And the wailing hemlock's murmur,
And a cooling fountain falls;
There two lovely forest maidens,
Sleep in death forever more,
While their swan-white souls are reigning
Over on the hidden shore.
One was named the Gentle Moonlight,
One Brown Thrush, for *her* song
Ne'er was hushed, but in soft echoes
Ever purled the hills among.

Both were fair, and both were happy,
Dwelling in one wild-wood home,
Till the brave White Eagle came,
Mid the mountains wild to roam.
He was tall and beautiful,
And his voice was kind and low.
Like the sound of falling waters,
In the pleasant vale below;
When he met the forest sisters,
Met them in their happy home.

And he tarried at their wigwam
For the space of one sweet moon ;
Then he wedded Gentle Moonlight,
And the Brown Thrush bowed her head,
And she sang a deep, wild song,
And the song was of the dead !

For the two did madly love him,
And when twilight made it grey,
From the place of mirthful dancing,
Lovely Brown Thrush stole away,
And when hidden by the pine trees,
Sang her last sweet song and cried ;
Threw herself from off a grey rock,
And in all her beauty died !

And when Gentle Moonlight found
The Brown Thrush no longer there,
She was filled with sad foreboding,
For her sister kind and fair.

And she too stole from the bridal,
With a sad and troubled face,
And in searching found the songstress
Bleeding there in death's embrace !

And she wept in bitter wildness,
And she said "It is but meet,
That I follow gentle Brown Thrush,
To the Spirit-land so sweet."

And they laid them on the morrow
Side by side in one deep grave,
Brown Thrush and the Gentle Moonlight,
Where the wailing hemlocks wave !

DOUGLAS AND HIS CHILD.

[The following mournful story dates far back to the dark chivalric days when the Scots and English were ever at war ; when the renowned Percys of England, after many years of continual bloodshed, finally conquered the warlike Douglasses of Scotland.]

It was beneath a hawthorn's shade
They stood at set of sun,
The mighty Douglas and his child,
A beauteous dark-eyed one.
Her cheeks were like the moorland rose,
Her neck white as the swan,
Her eyes were like that glorious star
That leads the radiant dawn.

Said he, "I had a dream last night,
A mournful dream of death !
I saw wild flow'rs wave on my grave
Before the heather breath !
And I was told that ere the sun
Again shall leave this strand,
I surely shall be lain at rest,
Slain by a Percy's hand !

Then who will care for thee, dear girl,
So kind, so sweet, and fair ;
Yea, who will shield thee from vile taunts,
Outrage, and sad despair ?
And who will twine thy raven locks,
And kiss thy cheek and brow,
And crown thee with sweet heather bells,
My child as I do now ?

His eyes began to burn a-wild,
His voice grew hoarse and deep;
He bade her kneel upon the sod,
The green sod at his feet;
Then stooping down he pressed upon
Her lips a long, long kiss,
And said, "They shall not harm my child,
Her refuge lies in this!"

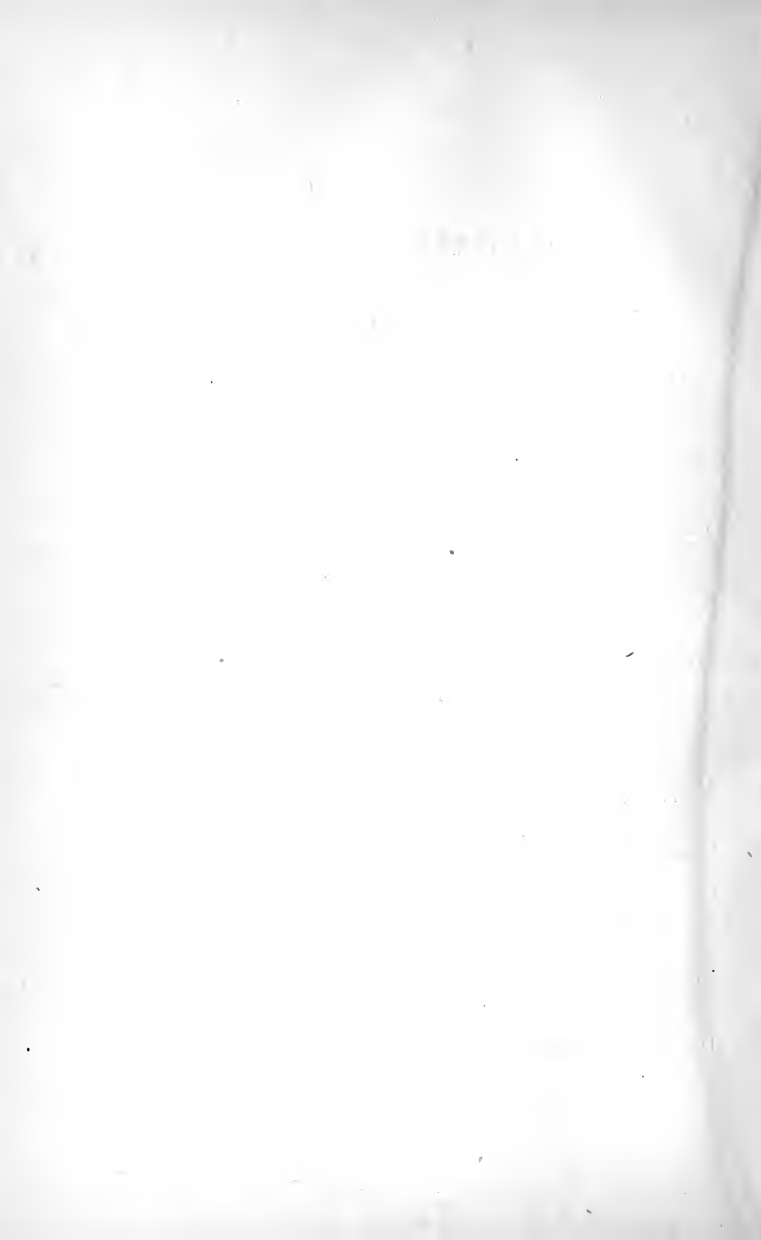
So saying, from his broad steel belt
He drew a glittering blade,
And while the tears ran down like rain
He smote her on the head!
She fell to earth upon her face,
And while her blood gushed red,
She meekly closed her sweet dark eyes
Among the silent dead!

And ere the morrow's sun with gold
Had tinged the western tide,
The father slain by Percy's hand,
Lay sleeping by her side.
And where the merl and mavis sing
Amid the heather wild,
To-day they show the peaceful tombs
Of Douglas and his child.

PLEASANT LEGENDS.

CONTENTS.

SUBJECT.	PAGE.
CELESTA,	9
THE LEGEND OF ALVIN AND MYRA,	13
UNDER THE LINDEN TREES,	16
THE BRIDE OF THE SIERRAS,	18
ALVAR AND ORA,	23
THE TURKISH PRINCESS,	30
DELZA'S LEAP,	33
GERTRUDE VON WEIBER'S DEATH,	36
THE TOMB OF THE CHEVALIER,	38
THE FOREST SISTERS,	39
DOUGLAS AND HIS CHILD,	41



Thoughtful Hours

THE INDEPENDENT

THOUGHTFUL HOURS.

THE TOMB IN THE CLIFF.

High in an over-jutting cliff,
Down by the ocean's stormy gates,
My gentle love in dreamless sleep,
For Christ's last coming waits.

Beyond her, braided with white foam,
The salt-white sand beds steam and dry ;
And scudding mist on silver wings
Slants to the milky sky.

Above her on the drear-white crags,
His wings the bold sea-eagle flaps,
While far below with hollow boom,
Her sands the great sea laps.

Yea, here high o'er the foaming waves,
Deep in a silent, slaten hall,
A treasure lies enshrined within
The ocean's strong grey wall.

A treasure dearer far than all
The riches laved by Indian tides ;
Or all the wealth that glitters in
Potosi's rocky sides.

Here, love, according to thy wish,
I've hidden thee from human eyes :
Save me, no mortal knows on earth,
Where my sweet darling lies !

Lo ! here when clouds prepare to part,
I watch the rainbow on the sea ;
Its ancient sign of pearl and gold
Brings sweet remind to me.

It minds me that the promises
By Heaven made can never die,
That though they parted be on earth,
The good shall meet on high.

And, strong in heart by thee I stand,
And though my eyes are dim with brine,
My soul finds nothing in this world
So sweet as my repine.

Here, from the blooming meads I bring,
The pansy and the lady-fern,
To whisper how forever more
For thee, lost love, I yearn.

And I have planted on thy breast
The samphire of the tidal brink,
To tell in silence how of thee
Forevermore I think.

Behind me rise the city spires,
And vessels puff their swan-white sails ;

And ponderous engines ply their strength,
And load with sound the gales.

I know the busy toils of men—
I hear the saw and sledge resound,
While softly down on yonder green,
The graceful dance goes round.

But what, say, what is this to me?
Oh! give to me my blest repine,
To gaze on you, O strong grey walls,
That hold my love within!

Oh, come, sad tern, and mavis sweet,
And mournful dove, thou bird of faith,
And aid my spirit while she sings
The serenade of death:

Sleep, gentle love, the dreamless sleep
Of death so dreary, lone and long;
And I will meet thee in the morn
To sing the glad "New Song."

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

By the side of the deep blue ocean,
Where the dark waves dash and roar,
And their white manes toss in anger
As they lash the sounding shore,

A strong and ancient castle,
Well founded on a rock,
Lifts high its ivied turrets,
And laughs at the tempest's shock !

But the sea is calming round it,
And the waves are gliding slow,
And their hollow voice is dying,
For the storm has ceased to blow.
Rich clouds of gold and crimson,
Are floating o'er the sky ;
And gorgeous forms are painted,
Where the peaceful waters lie.

Dost thou hear from those lofty chambers
That flow of minstrelsy—
Those melting numbers floating
Soft o'er the dreamy sea ?
Lo ! see'st thou on the towers
The Prince and his queenly bride—
The flame of their purple mantles,
And the flash of their crowns of pride ?

They stand in the blaze of the sunset,
And their faces are glad and bright,
And into each other's spirits
Their eyes are darting light.
The brows of the bride so dainty
Sweetest orange blossoms deck ;
And cinnamon wreaths are woven
About her swan-white neck.

I see the rich gems flashing
Like sparks in her golden hair,
As she tosses in wild rapture
Her curls on the sunset air;
I see on her upraised finger
The flash of a diamond ring,
As she points to the clouds of crimson
Which over the ocean swing.

But the twilight shade is deep'ning,
And the turrets are hid from view,
And the stars of night are shining,
High up in the dreamy blue:
The night winds damp are playing
On the deep with a lulling sound,
And the silver moon is setting,
For the night is going round.

Now beautiful Morn is dancing
With Day in the East's bright halls,
And amber banners are floating
From Aurora's saffron walls!
Morn's steps are light and airy,
To the notes so proud and bold,
And show'rs of light are raining
From the beautiful curls of gold.

The Sun in his dazzling chariot
Is passing up through the sky,
And his praise the birds are singing
Where blossoming meadows lie.
As he passes o'er the castle,

The castle down by the sea,
He hears not the trip of dancing,
Nor the gush of minstrelsy.

The purple banners are weeping
Around the gay-decked wall;
And he hears the wail of sorrow
In the beautiful bridal hall.
In the weird and solemn stillness
Of the night that's gone by now,
Lo! the death-king left his coldness
On the royal bride's fair brow!

And the Princee is left lamenting,
With despair in his brave young breast—
His love was smit in her beauty,
Like a rose by the midnight blast!
She hath gone to that blissful kingdom
Prepared for the Good and True;
Where the river of Life is flowing,
And the skies are ever blue.

THE BRIDE OF ULLENDINE.

Come gaze on the bride of Ullendine,
With the braids of her raven hair a-stream;
With gilded sandals upon her feet,
That trip to the time of music sweet;
While gems on her swelling bosom gleam,

To the flash of her brazen tambourine,
As she swings and reels in the mazy dance,
With a look of mirth in her happy glance.

The gaudy sun of Italia's land,
Has browned her cheek, and her dainty hand,
But her dark eyes flash with a heavenly light,
That maketh the aisles of the sad heart bright,
Till we stand like phantoms in a dream,
While our hearts keep time to her tambourine.
Oh, her corsage gay how proud it rests,
With its pearls of light on her heaving breasts,
As they rise and fall to her fragrant breath,
That stirs the leaves of the orange wreath:
And her waist is tight, and her form is neat,
And our hearts keep time with her flying feet,
Then ho! for the bride of Ullendine,
And the tuneful clash of her tambourine!

Oh, her lips are red as the richest wine,
And are ever wreathed with a smile divine,
And damp with the dew of ecstatic bliss,
That waits alone for her lover's kiss.
Oh well may his heart with passion stream
As he lists to the bells of her tambourine!

The ripening grapes look clear and red,
As they hang in the branches over head,
And the wealth and charm of their sweet perfume
With fragrance fills the Italian noon,
Mixed with the breath of a thousand flow'rs;

Oh, a hundred maidens are gathered here,
With their smiles of love, and their voices clear,
With scarlet kirtles, and veils of white,
And bosoms a-flame with diamonds bright,
With forms of beauty, and ways of grace,
But who in all this delightful place,
Could dare compare with the lovely queen
That sways and reels to her tambourine?

Her groom is here, but no prince is he ;
He came from the shores of a western sea,
In his boyhood days, on an errand of song,
To wander the Tuscan hills among,
And sing the charms of the dark-eyed girls,
That wanton here mid the evening pearls ;
And he struck his harp with a nobler touch,
And it yielded a sound more grandly rich,
When his eyes reposed in a melting dream
On the dancing maiden of Ullendine !

When he'd won her heart, and gained her love,
He untuned his harp and ceased to rove ;
He kissed her cheek, and returned again,
To his native home by the sweeping main ;
And to test her truth did there reside,
Five years, afar from his promised bride !
But an Italian girl is ever true ;
When her love she gives she will never rue ;
So when from the shore of the distant tide,
Her rustic lover came back to her side,
The wealthy lady of Ullendine,

Came out with her maids to this bow'ry green,
And here where the winds of the valley rove,
Was wedded to-day to her heart's sweet love,
Forsaking her father's marble halls,
For a lowly dwelling in the cottage walls,
To gather the grapes of Italia's clime,
And press and handle the ruby wine!
Oh, look on the form of the happy queen,
As she dances a-light to her tambourine,
And tell me, O friend, if you can't behold
That love is better than molten gold!

Oh, light is the burden love lays on:
And a cottage with love is a happier home,
Than a palace of marble with linings of gold,
If hearts like that metal be heavy and cold.
Oh, who is happier, tell me who,
Than she with the locks of the raven's hue;
With her eyes a-flame with their Southern light,
That look in love through her veil of white;
With her lips as red as the ruby wine,
And the sun-browned cheek of her golden clime,
As she trips and whirls in joy extreme,
To the happy bells of her tambourine?

THE BEAUTIFUL WATCHER.

By a calm and lovely river,
Dwells our Lullie bright and fair,
In a quaint and olden cottage,

To a breezy woodland near.
Flow'rs of every scent and color
Round her feed the yellow bee ;
And gay birds make sweetest music,
With their wild notes glad and free.

And there ever when the even
Gathers round that dear old home,
She is watching, wistf'ly watching,
By the wall where ivies bloom.
Watching at the olden gateway,
All the while the dewdrops fall,
For a form that's ever coming,
But has never come at all.

And the wild stars fill her fancy,
With a strange and solemn joy ;
And emblazen it with dreamings,
Of her long-lost sailor boy.
And the blossoms wreathing o'er her
Weep their dew-tears on her hair,
On her silken, raven ringlets,
As she tireless watches there.

'Neath the ocean wild and far-off,
Rocking to the cold, white moon,
'Mid the wealth of mighty ages
He has found a seaman's tomb !
There the cold and heavy waters,
Whirling in their madden'd joy,
Braid the silken, raven ringlets
Of her long-lost sailor boy.

Yet she's watching, ever watching,
By the ivy-mantled wall;
And perhaps sometimes a-dreaming
That he'll never come at all!
Down her cheeks, like fading roses,
From her longing starry eyes,
Oft I've seen the tear drop rolling,
Speaking love that never dies;

Speaking love that dyeth never,
Love that cannot, cannot die,
But will only grow the stronger
As the ages travel by,
And in Heaven, even Heaven,
In that land of light and joy,
Bind in sweet and holy union
Lullie and her sailor boy!

Yet she's watching for his coming,
Dreaming of the dear old past;
Of life's early morning pleasures,
And delights that could not last.
Musing on that time of sunshine,
With its far-back-gleaming joy,
When she listen'd first the story
Of her blooming sailor boy:

When he gathered wild field flowers,
And bedecked her raven hair;
And enclasped her to his bosom;
And his passion did declare:
When her first sweet love she gave him,

And he call'd her "all his joy,"
Adding, "You shall never blush, love,
For your faithful sailor boy."

But alas! beneath the ocean,
There the mighty billows toy
With the lovely silken ringlets
Of her dear, lost sailor boy!
And we can no longer hide this;
She will know the truth ere long;
Wither like a tender flower,
And lay down the dead among!

No, we can no longer hide this;
She is doubting even now;
I can read it in her pale face,
Even on her troubled brow.
Soon, ah! soon no more forever,
At the closing of the day,
Will we see our darling watching
For her loved one far way.

Nevermore she'll lean in beauty
On the ivy-mantled wall;
Nevermore we'll hear her weeping,
"Will he ever come at all?"
But afar away in Heaven,
In a home of light and joy,
She will reign in love and beauty
With her faithful sailor boy.

DIRGE OF BURNS.

Ah! weep, proud Caledonian land,
Long let thy grief be wild,
To mourn the sad, untimely death
Of Song's divinest child!
Green Scotia's sweetest bard lies low
White-shrouded for the tomb:
Behold her daughters weeping round
The bard of "bonny Doon!"

Who has not dropped a silent tear,
And felt its pow'r to praise,
When "Auld Lang Syne's" sweet numbers woke
Fond thoughts of other days;
Or when his heart-blood gushes forth
O'er "Highland Mary's" tomb;
Or when he sings to her "in Heaven,"
The bard of "bonny Doon!"

Ah! "Chloris," mourn thy poet now:
And, "Jeanie," wail thy love;
No more to thee of love to sing
On the "banks of Ayr" he'll rove!
Sweet prince of bards! dark were thy days,
And gloom was round thy throne!
But thy monument is tears of love,
Sweet bard of "bonny Doon!"

Ah! Scotland, who shall now awake
Thy Sons' daughters' praise,

And sing of Love and Liberty
In such immortal lays?
Oh, give his name immortal life,
His fame eternal bloom;
Few hearts like his have blest the world,
The bard of "bounny Doon!"

TO MY LOVED AND LOST CENIA.

This Poem is tearfully dedicated to the grim Spirit of Despair.

As yearns the weary soul for Paradise,
So thirst I for the light of thy sweet eyes,
Though we have parted long, O maiden fair,
And I have borne of grief a double share:
For as a spirit mourns for Heaven lost,
So I, on life's tempestous ocean tossed,
Lift up my weeping eyes amid the gloom,
And mourn for the lost heart that halves my own!

Ah! once did I believe thee kind and true,
And in this faith my youthful spirit grew,
Till smoothly borne afar on Love's wide sea,
My life became a heavenly dream to me;
And I, all fraught with growing happiness,
Began, sweet girl, thy sunny soul to bless;
And in the strength of my unblemish'd faith,
For thee I could have died a triple death!

But short was this sweet sabbath of my years,
Soon turned I darkling in a flood of tears,

Lost and alone, without a guiding star :
From scenes of former joys wild tossed afar.
Ah ! then my cup was full ! God only knows
The pain I bore, the deep, deep fest'ring woes,
That spilt the life-blood of my soul into
The rolling years !—blood of this soul so true !

My sorrow was, sweet one, for thy untruth,
For thou hadst pledged to love immortal youth,
And sealed the promise on my lips, O love ;
E'en God had penned it in the courts above !
And I, in the rich trust which filled my soul,
Had given thee my heart, my life, my all ;
And turned from this dark world to find in thee
That perfect light, that I shall never see !

But yet I blame thee not, O precious one,
Although my hot tears must forever run,
For thou art better far than I, fair love,
(Fair as the faultless angels are above !)
I know thou didst not know aright this heart,
This faithful heart, from which thou sad didst part :
And lip, nor pen, nor time, nor Heaven, nor Hell,
Shall wean my soul from thee I love so well !

MY LOST LOVE.

Oh, you had loved her too, so fair,
Yea loved her for her silken hair,
And for the soft brown of her brow,

And for the melancholy glow
Of her dark lustrous eyes, those eyes,
Two glorious stars of Paradise!

And you had loved her for her voice,
Whose tones can make the heart rejoice,
Or droop in blood, as mine hath done!
And you had loved the gracious one,
For her soft tiny hand, light as
The faint wings of the summer breeze:
And for her smiling, dainty mouth,
Fair as a rose-bud from the South,
The sweet south side of Heaven! Oh,
What bliss from those sweet lips doth flow!

Friend, you would say on seeing her,
This is the grace of years afar,
Returned again to this dim earth:
Rays of celestial light drawn forth
From the lost sun of centuries!
From the same sun that gave the rays,
Of Cleopatra's wildering eyes,
Or o'er the fancy blazed in gold,
Of him who wrought the Sibyls' mould,
And shaped the famed Semiramis,
Bestowing grace approaching bliss!

Oh, her sweet face remindeth me
Of some bright island in the sea!
A sunny land of fruit and flow'rs,
Where love runs laughing down the hours,
And music through the impassion'd soul,

Bids endless streams of rapture roll ;
And the rich tints of summer-home,
In one refulgent glory bloom :
Where deep enchantment lulls the mind,
And rides on every balmy wind ;
Where all wears Heaven's blessedness—
Joy, beauty, purity, and peace,
This is the emblem of her face.

You too had wept to see her weep,
And feel her hot tears on your cheek;
Knowing she loved you, dearly too,
And yet because you *seemed* not true,
And slander's spotted tongue was loud
In wicked proof, and you too proud
To beg her favor, she in pain
Was going back to the world again ;
Was clinging now for time the last,
In beauty to your faithful breast !
Oh, that fond souls could understand
Each other right, and hand in hand,
With hearts unchanged, love till the end.

But let her go: and may sweet peace
And happiness her whole life bless ;
For though she's filled my days with care,
I wish no evil unto her.
Nay, gentle maiden, I will strive
To live the years which Heaven may give,
Unchanged in heart to God and thee,
A wanderer lone on life's dark sea ;
Still hoping that when all is o'er,

And we are hurled on Death's cold shore,
The Kingdom by our suffering won,
Together we'll receive a crown
Of light before our Father's throne.

THE LAY OF DESPAIR.

We met when the Summer winds kissed the sweet flowers,
That waved in rich beauty o'er garden and lawn;
When anthems of love floated down the glad hours,
And all nature praised the omnipotent One.

We plighted our love ere the Autumn had laden,
The vine of the wild grape with vintage of blue;
For the joy of my soul was that beautiful maiden,
As sweet as the wild rose, and tender true.

But where now, O where are those ties of affection,
We wove in those days of the fibres of love?
Away in the lone waste of fond recollection,
They bind each wreck'd dream that my fond fancy wove!

Gay, beautiful girl! she is now where I found her,
In the arms of another, his glory and pride!
No more shall my arm cling with fondness around her,
But now ere I saw her I wish I had died!

From the bright golden bowers of orange and myrtle,
The Spring may return with her beauty and bloom;
The storm may give place to the voice of the turtle,
But never to me shall Joy rise from her tomb!

No, no! dear Eenia, the weird voice of sorrow
 Forever shall haunt this sad bosom of mine:
 Each lone night shall yield to a darker to-morrow,
 But may peace and sweet pleasure forever be *thine*!

LIFE IS NOT LIKE IT USED TO BE.

It was a lovely August evening. Lonely I stood and looked down from the village on the hill over the green valley where Eenia lately dwelt. I gazed into the very door where she so often met me with a smile, and saw the fields and willow groves beyond, but the scene was lovely no more! My heart only bled afresh, and I turned away and wrote:

Life is not like it used to be,
 It's not so full of joy,
 Of happiness that came unsought,
 And peace without alloy!
 No, no! my life is dark as death:
 I would that I were dead!
 Oh! must my soul thus ever pine,
 My heart forever bleed?

O God! could I but for one hour,
 Have peace as once I had;
 And while I hold her to my breast,
 Once more feel proud and glad!
 O thou sweet idol of my heart,
 My soul's lost treasure, hear,
 Is this the holy pledge of love?
 Ah, let me shed a tear!

Thou hast made me the thrall of woe,
Abandon'd to despair!
My heart is now the throne of pain!
The weeping place of care!
Lonely and sad I travel on,
From weary day to day,
A hopeless pilgrim to that home
Beneath the kindly clay!

ARABELLA.

In a vineyard on Arabia's shore,
Sang Arabella sweet,
(The damp winds from the moon-lit sea
Upon her white brow beat.)

Saying, "Where is he whom I so love?
Oh, where is he, say, where?
Come back to me, O precious one!
Come back and soothe my care!

I cannot live another day
If thou dost not return;
My heart and soul in torment drear
Vehemently do burn!"

She heard a harp afar off sound,
Out under the great white moon.
And a song of Arabella sweet,
To a slow and pleasant tune;

And she knelt in the vineyard's open gate,
And drank the coming sound,
Till Orma kissed her pearl-white brow
With his arms her neck around !

And said, "Why mournest thou, sweet one,
Why mournest thou to-night?"
While she sank in beauty to his breast,
In the setting moon's pale light.

The low moon trembled on the sea,
And the white waves lapp'd the shore,
When he softly whisper'd in her ear
That they should part no more !

But where art thou, O gentle youth,
Say, where art thou to-day ?
And why does Arabella weep
Her dreary life away ?

RULENE.

A country lass was sweet Rulene,
With kirtle red, and gown of green.

Sir Rudolph was a gallant knight,
With belt of steel, and plume of white.

His castle walls were high and fair,
And every charm of wealth was there.

His servants tilled a hundred hills,
His flocks drank from as many rills.

He chanced to ride one summer day,
Across his meadows wide and gay ;

And there he spied the fair Rulene,
Gathering wild wild flow'rs upon the green.

He rode up proudly to her side ;
She thought that he was come to chide,

But he only smiled on her and said,
"Lassie, I wish a rosie red."

She gave the flow'r with gentle bow,
Sir Rudolph thanked her kind and low ;

Then turned away his dappled steed,
And rode on down the blooming mead.

She thought upon his wealth and fame,
Then on her own poor, obscure name ;

And as she gazed out after him,
Great tear-drops made her sweet eyes dim !

The poor girl mourned her humble birth,
That crushed the dearest hope of earth ;

For had she dwelt in halls of pride,
She might have hoped to be his bride.

Her heart was lost, her peace was strown,
And every charm of life was gone.

From that day forth it has been said,
A smile ne'er wreathed her lips of red!

Alas, 'tis thus too much with all
The sons of this terrestrial ball.

We mourn for what God hath denied,
And vainly suffer in our pride.

We fancy oft what might have been,
Then weep because fate came between.

If we resigned to doom conform,
We rob fate of her keenest thorn.

To be content with Heaven's ordain,
Is to avoid life's direst pain.

THE VISION.

'Twas when I was sad and weary,
In the depths of silent night;
When the wind was 'mid the vines,
And the stars were filled with light;
And the moon hung white above
Where sea-waves their borders lap,
That I musing heard a sound
Like a mighty thunder-clap!

And I saw the stars retreat
To the low horizon's verge ;
And I saw the trembling moon
In the western deep submerge ;
And the groaning heavens part ;
And the King of Glory stand,
'Mid-way 'tween my wondering eyes
And a dear, delightful land !

Where the fields were broad and green,
And the hills were crown'd with gold :
And the streams like crystal brilliant
Under blooming myrtle rolled,
Rolled toward a broad, bright sea,
Deep, and clear, and free from strife :
And I knew the pulseless deep
Was the holy Sea of Life !

And I heard another sound
Like when tempests clench in wrath,
And from underneath my feet
Fled away the groaning Earth !
And I hung suspended high,
In a wide luminous space,
With a terror-stricken heart,
And a wild, cadaverous face !

And I saw the flames of Hell
Rolling in the depths below,
Half suppressing in their wrath,
Screams that told of dreadful woe !
There I floated like an atom,

On a crystal ocean's breast ;
With a yawning Hell *beneath*,
And *above* a Heaven of rest !

Flutter'd in its clay my spirit
To unloose its wings of gold,
Fearful lest its cell might fall,
To the raging flames that rolled
O'er the sulphur beds below,
In the fervent pits of Hell;
From which issued peals of wailing,
Like a sad mysterious knell !

And I raised my hands to Heaven,
And I shrieked in wild despair,
While my buoyant body struggled
Like a phantom in the air !
And I cried with fear and said,
"O Jehovah ! hear my call !
Take me to thy blessed arms !
Save me ! save me, or I fall !"

Then a voice from Heaven responded
Sweet as sound of falling streams,
"Look aloft, O guilty sinner,
See where thy Redeemer reigns !"
And I raised my eyes to Heaven,
(Alla ! dear, delightful dream !)
And I saw the strand of gems,
In the Lamb's great glory flame !

And I saw the jasper walls
Of the Lamb's most pleasant Bride,
With their shining domes and treasures,
Mirrored in Life's crystal tide.
And I saw her streets of gold,
Flaming in the living beams ;
And I listen'd angel music
Swelling loud in melting strains !

And I saw the Blest Ones straying
On the glory-lighted shore,
Where the verdure withers not,
And the birds sing evermore ;
For a Summer smiles for aye
On those slopes of gems and gold—
Ah ! a tongue might tell forever,
And that bliss be still untold !

Carnal minds cannot conceive
Half the beauty of that land,
Where Life's peaceful waters curl,
On the green immortal strand !
But again I heard a voice
From the jasper walls resound,
Saying, "guilty spirit, turn,
Turn while grace may yet be found !

Shun the gapping Hell beneath ;
Seek the blissful Heaven above :
Rise upon the wings of faith,
To the land of Light and Love !"

And I hung repentant there,
In the dreaddest agony,
Till the Dove of God descended
With its precious gift for me:

Till the angels dried my tears,
And my spirit filled with song;
And the sweet Peace-herald came,
Tripping on the notes along!
Then the bright ones closed my eyes,
With their blessed fingers fond!
And I slept, and when I woke,
On the Earth had morning dawn'd.

THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

I know a forest dim and old,
With fragrant bow'rs of green and gold,
That is life-dear to this fond heart,
From which its memory ne'er shall part.

Not for its ancient oaks that sigh,
Beneath the breezy Summer sky,
In sad'ning tones, as if they bore,
Hearts heavy yet with grief of yore;
Not for its willows drooping low,
With solemn wave in sign of woe;
Not for its bowers cool and deep,
With aromatic odors sweet;
Not for the pink-eyed daisy, nor

Blue violets that blossom there,
And wave above the moss, do I
For that enchanted woodland sigh.
Not for the bluebell of the ledge;
Nor lilly of the fragrant hedge;
Nor yellow cowslip blowing there,
Do I esteem that old wood dear,
The picture loveliest, best of all
That hang in memory's sacred hall.
Not for its brooklets clear and bright,
Rolling beneath the checkered light;
Not for its wild birds singing clear,
Which tarry there full half the year;
Not for its shady paths at noon;
Nor for its calm when day is done,
Do I that olden woodland love,
With heart unchanged where e'er I rove!

A little sister once I had,
With deep-black eyes so bright and glad,
So full of love and truthfulness,
That angels wooed her into Bliss!

In that wild forest dim and old,
Beneath its veil of green and gold,
We wander'd in the amber glow,
Of peaceful Summers long ago,
Light-hearted as the warbling throng,
That sing the fragrant bow'rs among;
But her little feet grew weary there
One day, and when the evening air,
Blew cool the dewy leaves among,

Where poured the thrush her vesper song,
I made the child so bright and fair,
A couch of crimson foliage there!
And as the day-king from afar,
Fast fleeing in his rosy car,
A-back his last red arrow hurl'd,
Across the mountains of the world,
My little sister passed away,
To realms of immortal day:
Yea, through the open gates of light,
Her loving spirit took its flight.

Her little hands I folded on
Her pulseless breast white as the swan;
And made for her a peaceful tomb,
Deep in that dim old forest's gloom;
And with a tender hand I laid
The little girl among the dead!
And this is why my faithful heart,
Shall never from that old wood part.

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

I see my childhood's sunny home
Fair on the green lake shore;
How sweet the ivy twines about
The old familiar door!
And there the breezy willow sighs
As if in heart-felt woe,
Recalling many a tear of love,
I shed so long ago.

On, on the purple ripples roll,
Across the dear old lake—
(Oh, launch me on its cool sweet breast
I pray for pity sake!)
Ah, now I hear the good old songs,
We sang so sweet of yore,
Mix'd with the warbler's dying fall,
Along the dewy shore!

Again I hear my brother's flute
Chord with my sister's voice:
Oh, how the dear familiar lay
Makes me again rejoice!
I see the busy reapers too,
Among the golden sheaves;
While soft the graceful dance goes round
Beneath the elm leaves.

Again I see my mother's face,
Her angel face so dear;
And fling my arm around her neck,
And twine her long grey hair!
And once again my father's voice
Sinks solemn on my ear,
For us, the children of his love,
In deep and earnest prayer.

A thousand blessings on his head,
And on his silver brow:
(I know he dwells in endless bliss
With our Redeemer now!)

He sent conviction to my heart,
And saved my soul at last ;
For through his prayers am I redeem'd,
And given peace and rest !

Sisters and brothers kind and dear,
I see you all again !
We take the sweet old Sabbath walk
Adown the long green lane,
And speak of God, His works and ways,
And praise Him as we roam !—
Oh, dear as life the lovely scenes
Of childhood's holy home !

SCHÖNBERG.

On looking at a picture of "Schönberg and the Rhine."

The Day-king dies ! On Schönberg's mossy tow'rs
Drops his last far-spent dart of mellow gold,
Where in the shatter'd turret sits the owl,
Complaining sad, as for some joy of old.
As on this ruined wall I stand I see,
All smote with fire the great Rhine wander by :
And hear the home-returning peasants sing,
Where rich with flow'rs broad fertile meadows lie.
Low-seated on the beautiful green shore,
Far down below, I see the village in
The sunset blaze lift up its burnished spires,

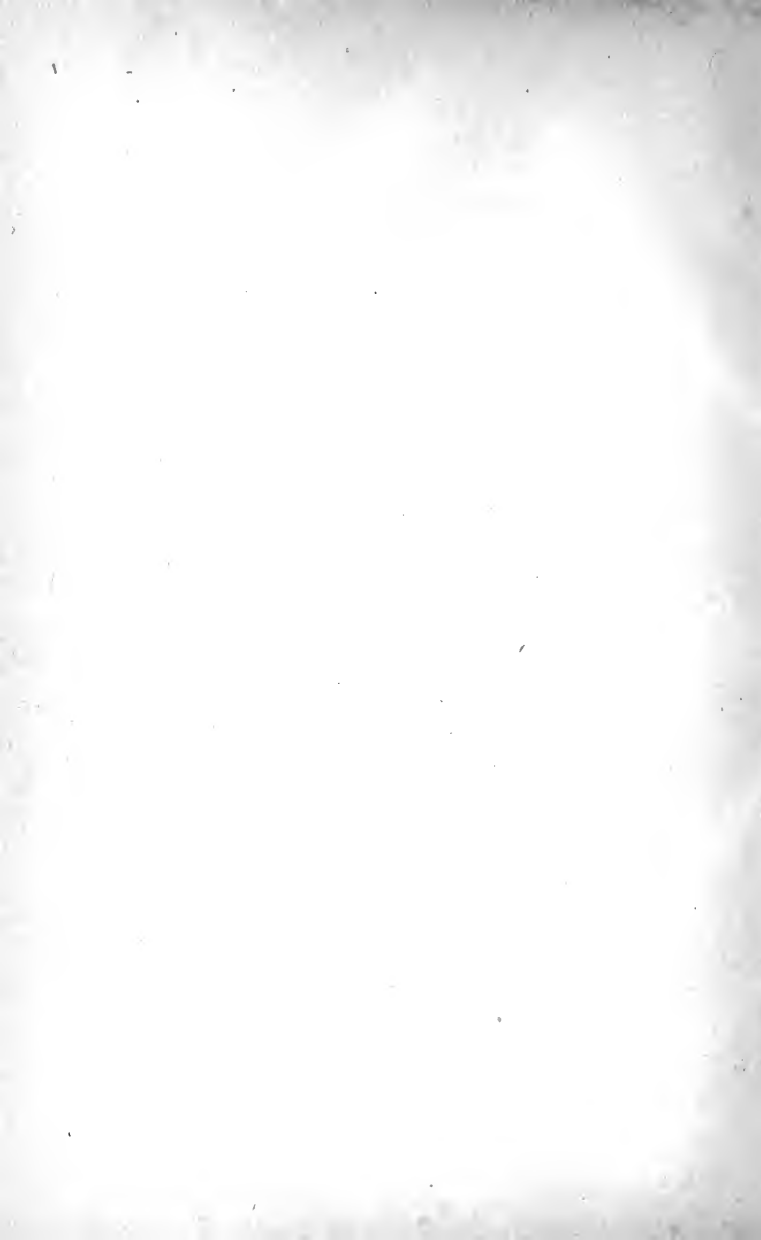
And all appears more lovely than a dream !
The dells and slopes are bathed in yellow mist ;
With vines and shrubs these rocks are girdled round :
The hoary bat darts through the dark'ning air,
And spicy winds grieve o'er the cool, damp ground.
Zoning the sky rich clouds spread overhead,
In which silver, and gold, and rubies blend !
Oh ! here I could forever more abide,
Wishing my days might never, never end !
Sweet are thy slopes gushing with blood-red wine,
And pleasant are thy waters, fabled Rhine !



THOUGHTFUL HOURS.

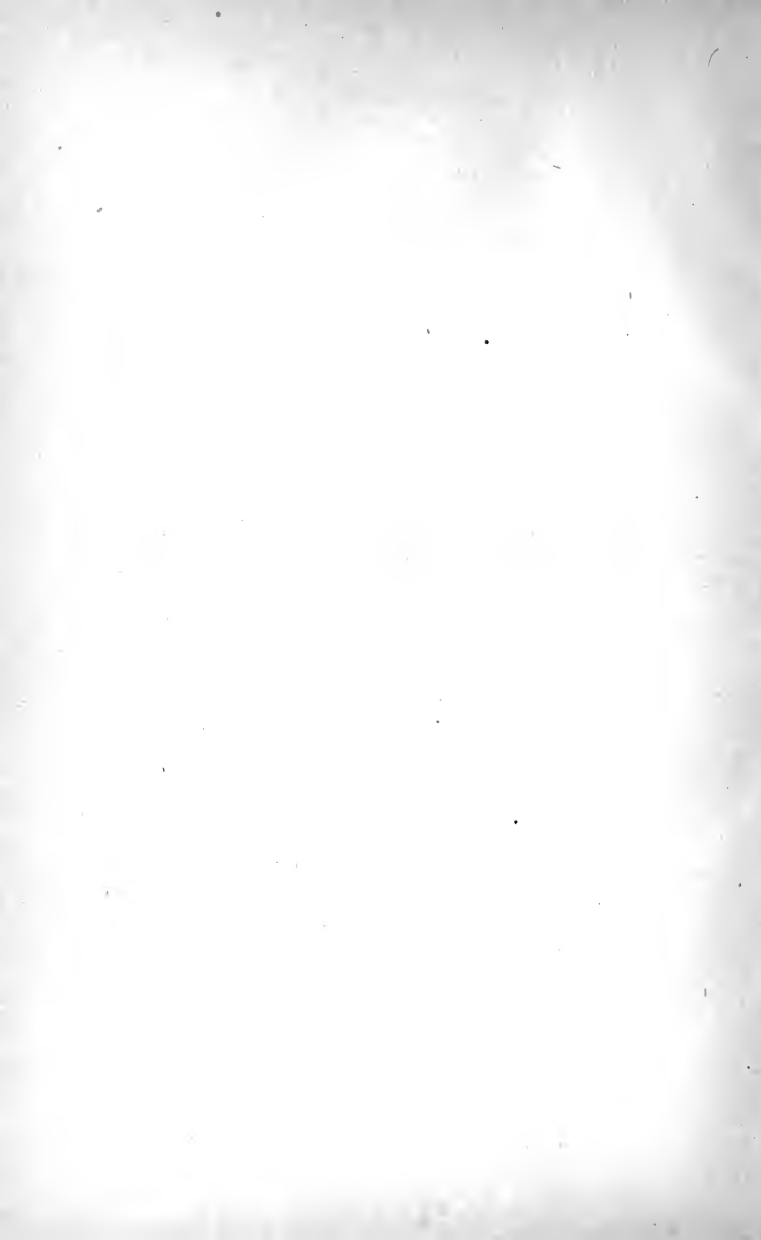
CONTENTS.

SUBJECT.	PAGE.
THE TOMB IN THE CLIFF,	47
THE CASTLE BY THE SEA,	49
THE BRIDE OF ULLENDINE,	52
THE BEAUTIFUL WATCHER,	55
DIRGE OF BURNS,	59
TO MY LOVED AND LOST CENIA,	60
MY LOST LOVE,	61
THE LAY OF DESPAIR,	64
LIFE IS NOT LIKE IT USED TO BE,	65
ARABELLA,	66
RULENE,	67
THE VISION,	69
THE ENCHANTED FOREST.	73
MY CHILDHOOD HOME,	75
SCHÖNBERG,	77



Tender Melodies

SECULAR AND SACRED.



TENDER MELODIES.

THE SECULAR SONGS.

THE ISLE OF THE BEAUTIFUL STAR.

In the wild sea of life there's an evergreen isle,
Where the sun and the moon are not worthy to smile ;
And it never was day, and it never was night,
In that rapturous land of the spirit's delight !
But away in the depths of the heavens afar,
In joy ever smileth a beautiful star,
Through the faint, mellow twilight that covers that shore,
Where the frowns of a cold world oppress us no more.

Oh fly, maiden, fly
From this lone land, afar
To the jubilant isle of the beautiful star.

There storms never gather to darken the sky,
And the green never pales, and the dews never dry ;
Where the exquisite hymns of the breeze and the stream
In unison blend like sweet sounds in a dream :
Where the flowers like rainbows bend down in their bloom,
And the air waxes faint with its wealth of perfume.
There gay birds chant ever in wildwood, on lea,
And bright halls are waiting for you and for me.

Oh fly with me, fly
From this bleak shore, afar
To the ever-green isle of the beautiful star.

There the myrtle and myrrh, and the cedar and pine,
Grow lovely and green on the mountains sublime;
And bright caves and fountains all glit'ring with spar,
Gleam down through the faint, mellow light from afar;
And castles of pearl, and bright temples of gold,
On every green slope stand out lovely and bold.
Oh, there's where with thee my young soul pines to be,
Then hie, maiden, hie to those borders with me,
Where Venus reclines
In her gold-girdled car,
To welcome us home 'neath the beautiful star.

Oh fair are the nymphs of that halcyon land,
As gaily they dance where the citron trees bend,
To the sound of the cornet, and dulcet, and shell,
In bow'rs amaranthine where clear fountains swell.
There the sylphs and the graces rove all the year long,
And the wandering seraph is soft in her song;
Oh, there, blooming maiden, lets hie in our youth,
And reign in the realms of rapture and truth,
For *Love* is the name,
I have heard it from far,
Of the ever-green isle of the beautiful star.

LEIBA: OR THE TEMPLES OF LOVE.

The sun never smiles from his palace of gold,
And the stars never weep on the mountains of night,
But my mind sweeps a-back to a love-May of old,
Or rises aloft to the Kingdom of Light,

To the land of sweet rest, to the home of the soul,
To the valleys of peace, to the spirit's rich goal,
To the morning-lit plains where eternally roll
The waters of Life by the temples of Love!

My sight cannot soar to that sweet, happy land,
But I've seen its gold borders in visions of bliss;
And my soul by its balm-breathing gales has been fan'd,
When faint in the sere, parching desert of this:
And I long to be free from this life's burning woes,
And away in those far blessed mansions repose,
Or walk by my love where so tenderly flows
The river of Life by the temples of Love!

O Leiba! 'tis there thou art roaming to-day,
In the myrtle-decked fields on the ever-green shore:
From the trials of Earth thou hast long passed away,
And the place that once knew thee doth know thee no
more!

Here, Leiba, sweet Leiba, we wander'd of old;
And love in our hearts did her treasures unfold,
But to-day thou look'st up to the mountains of gold
From the beautiful gates of the temples of Love!

But I'm traveling to thee, love, mid changes and gloom,
Even up to the balm-breathing garden of God,
Where beauty and pleasure unceasingly bloom,
And the sunbeams of Glory are scattered abroad:
And I know that the space which our souls doth divide
Is but narrow to-day, and I soon by thy side
Shall wander in peace by the crystalline tide,
That so dreamily gleams by the temples of Love!

ANNIE NELL.

Pour sorrowfully down thy beams,
O gentle Summer moon ;
And weep with me, ye holy stars,
Amid the solemn gloom ;
And softly murmur, little brook,
A-down a shady dell,
For there I met one balmy eve
True-hearted Annie Nell.

Ye waves that beat the long, grey shore.
With gentler motion roll,
Near where ye writhe a cloud once dim'd
The sunshine of my soul !
'Twas on the dreary, salt-white sand,
Near where the broad waves swell,
I sadly bid good-bye to my
True-hearted Annie Nell !

A many a year ere I returned
They say my true love died ;
Yet from my eyes in ceaseless streams
Flows sorrow's holy tide !
On yonder green where lilies droop,
Below the breezy hill,
They show to me the grave of my
True-hearted Annie Nell !

BARBARA ELLEN.*

The flow'ry Spring had just return'd,
The green leaves were a-looming ;
The wild birds sang on every tree,
And every flow'r was blooming,

When Saden Green his servant sent
To Rhone, where she did dwell in,
To bring unto his dying bed,
His cruel Barbara Ellen.

The servant found the sweet fair maid,
And said, "Thou blest of Heaven,
Please with me to my master go,
If thou be Barbara Ellen.

He moaning lies upon his bed,
Perhaps will die ere even,
But begs, and wishes ere he dies,
To see fair Barbara Ellen."

Then slowly rose the proud fair maid,
As slowly followed after,
And slowly came at set of sun,
Before the servant's master.

* There is an ancient song of the same title from which the plan of this is derived.

And Saden Green said, "Barbara fair,
From the cold grave you can save me,
If you'll forgive a broken heart,
And your love once more give me!"

Said she, "Young man, time was when I
My first pure passion gave you,
But you have long unworthy proved,
And now I scorn to save you!"

Do you not, sir, remember well,
In proud Earl Hamlin's dwelling,
You made the toasts go round and round.
But slighted Barbara Ellen?"

He turned his pale face to the wall,
For death was with him dealing,
Saying, "Adieu, my dear friends all,
And adieu to Barbara Ellen!"

But when she heard the castle bell
For her true love a-knelling,
Each loud and doleful stroke it struck
Spoke woe to Barbara Ellen.

She bade her mother make her bed,
That eve both soft and narrow,
And said, "He died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow!"

And side by side in one deep grave,
They laid them down at even,
With cross'd hands laid on other's hearts,
And their faces turn'd to Heaven!

ROANOKE SIDE.

I love my blooming Jennie dear,
Young blue-eyed Willie cried,
One eve while gathering flowers sweet,
By bonny Roanoke side.

Behold I gather blooms to crown
My true and promised bride,
For she'll be mine, and I'll be hers,
By bonny Roanoke side!

The birds sang sweet o'er all the green,
The waves in light did glide;
But little did fond Willie dream
They flashed above his bride!

To meet him at the set of sun
Her boat was on the tide;
A gale passed o'er, she came no more
To bonny Roanoke side!

The youth cast to the sod his flow'rs,
And turned away and cried,

When told she'd speak to him no more
By bonny Roanoke side !

They brought her from the seething flood,
He looked on her and died !
Thus passed away a loving pair
From bonny Roanoke side.

A SONG OF LONG AGO.

Come sit beside me, Mary dear,
And while the sun is low,
I'll shed a tear and sing to you,
A song of long ago.

I mind me when your hair was brown,
Like coils of tawny gold,
And backward from your dainty brow
In sunny ripples rolled.

And then your cheeks were like the rose,
Your brow was like the swan—
You were as fair a gentle girl
As e'er the sun shone on !

But now your hair is growing white,
Your cheeks are turning pale,
And the deep furrows on your brow
Of many a trial tell.

But do not think I love you less,
Now that you're growing old ;
The love which warmed my boyhood breast
Heav'n knows shall ne'er grow cold !

Your're kind to me as e'er you were,
I bless you for it too ;
And all the beauty you have lost
God will some day renew.

Then hand in hand let's travel on,
As He directs to go,
Till in the skies our souls forget
To mourn the "Long Ago."

MY DARK EYED SHEPHERD.

A soft wind fans the clouds apart ;
The moon is floating low ;
On fifty hills her soft light lies,
And all of them I know !
But there I rove no more with you,
My dark-eyed shepherd kind and true !

Soft sighs the zephyr in the grove,
There dewy woodbines bloom :
A thousand stars look down upon
Thy cold grave through the gloom,
While sad and lone I weep for you,
My dark-eyed shepherd kind and true !

As wanes the pale moon in the west,
So wanes poor Annie's bloom,
Since her dear Colin silent sleeps
Within the dreary tomb:
Her heart lies in the ground with you,
My dark-eyed shepherd kind and true!

On Moanon's lonely banks he takes
In death his long repose;
Here holy dews weep all night long
Upon the drooping rose;
And angels bright keep watch o'er you,
My dark-eyed shepherd kind and true!

Alone I weep, alone I wail,
No other wish have I,
But meet my Colin in a land
That blooms beyond the sky,
Eternal bliss to share with you,
My dark-eyed shepherd kind and true!

LUDA GLAINE.

Like morning in flower-crowned June,
So lovely was sweet Luda Glaine;
Like a harp's mellow tone far out under the moon,
Her voice with strange music did teem.
In a wood-shaded cottage she dwelt,
On the banks of a wild mountain stream,

That turns an old mill at the foot of a hill,
In a glen of old willows so green.

CHORUS.

Sweet Luda! dear Luda! with thy love all untold,
Thou hast gone through the tomb to thy long, long home,
Where the angels have crowned thee with gold!

Each morning she'd sing a sweet song,
In the grove by the side of the mead,
Where a pale marble cross overgrown with wild moss,
Now tells you our Luda is dead!
She'd weave a sweet wreath of wild flow'rs,
For her parent each eventime lone,
On the sill of the door she shall enter no more,
To brighten that old cottage home.

O Luda! look down from thy home,
On the mountain of rubies and gold,
And smile on me sweet as I wander to weep
For thee and the pleasures of old!
I cannot suppress the fond tear,
As I stray on this wild mountain path,
That leads to the cross overgrown with wild moss,
That crowns the lone temple of death!

Good-bye, O my sweet Luda Glaine,
We have parted forever below;
I shall see thee no more till we meet on that shore,
As I hope, where Life's sweet blossoms blow.
Good-bye: this life soon will be gone—
Come down to the sea me to meet,
When you learn I draw near to the shores of our home,
E'en the Heavenly Eden so sweet!

I HAVE DREAMED YOU LOVE ME.

Mary, Mary, sweet and fair,
Blue of eye and blonde of hair,
I have dreamed you love me, O,
Tell me, tell me, is it so?

From that low, sweet voice of thine,
Voice whose ring is so divine,
I have dreamed you love me, O,
Tell me, tell me, is it so?

From the soft and tender light
Of thine eyes so blue and bright,
I have dreamed you love me, O,
Tell me, tell me, is it so?

From thy sweet and winning smile,
That methinks could not beguile,
I have dreamed you love me, O,
Tell me, tell me, is it so?

From thy words and from thy ways,
Always brimming full of grace,
I have dreamed you love me, O,
Tell me, tell me, is it so?

CASSANDRA.

Ye phantoms that dance through the chamber of thought,
Come forth on the wings of delight,

Adorn this mad lay that my soul shall pour forth,
Of a maiden most perfect and bright :

Oh! the glory of Heaven, and the beauty of Earth,
Do meet and commune in her eyes!
Her heart is made rich in the kindness of God,
And the sound of His harp in her voice!

The bolt that runs red through the gloom of the storm
Is melted to love at her grace ;
And would turn from his path should he meet the fair
nymph,
And passing smile kind in her face!

The image of God is more perfect in her,
Than in any form else on the Earth ;
And the stars sang together like sisters in joy,
When they heard the glad news of her birth!

Oh, the fierce flames of love how they burn in my soul!
How they torture and writhe in their might!
Cassandra! Cassandra! I'm mad of thy charms!
And sick of the sweets of delight!

SWEET-EYED MARY.

Sweet-eyed Mary, gay and fair,
Lovely as the angels are!
Better loved you could not be,
Will you not come back to me?

Do you mind that happy day,
In the blooming time of May,
When you gave your heart to me,
Sitting by the purple sea?

Oh, the flashing, opal sea,
How its light comes back to me,
As my thoughts the days pursue,
When I dream'd that you were true.

True—and so I knew you were,
Pure and true as angels are!
It was slander's artful tongue,
Smote our peace and wrought the wrong.

And we both have suffer'd pain—
Give me your pure heart again!
Better loved you could not be,
Will you not come back to me?

DAISIE MAY.

When first the little god of love
Taught me his pow'r to know,
I sought a corresponding breast
To give obedience due.
I crossed no vapor-braided hills,
Nor billows cold and grey,
For I had known from infancy
Fair blue-eyed Daisie May.

CHORUS.

My blue-eyed Daisie May,
My blue-eyed Daisie May,
I never, never shall forget
My blue-eyed Daisie May!

To her I told my honest mind,
With boyhood's bashful tongue,
Incompetent to fill the task,
Had we not known so long.
I mark'd her down-cast maiden brow,
The crimson in her cheek;
Her heart was full—I read her mind—
Her lips they could not speak!

Through all the pleasant Summer time
Rejoiced I in her love,
Till yellow Autumn came and took
Away my pretty dove!
And many a bitter tear was shed
That sere and mournful day,
When in the ground they hid from me
My blue-eyed Daisie May!

The world was beautiful and bright
When she in life was gay,
But now 'tis gloomy, lone, and sad,
Since died my Daisie May.
The grass has flourished green and fair
Long o'er her silent clay,
But in my heart shall ever live
Sweet blue-eyed Daisie May!

WEDDING DAY ODE.

What asks the bridegroom of his God
This happy, festive day ?
The smiles of Heaven to glad his years,
And keep all gloom away ;
The gift of fertile wine and grain,
And riches for his bosom queen.

What asks the fair bride of her God
This sweet initial day ?
The constancy of him she loves—
Truth born not to decay !
A life of sunshine—not of tears,
For his dear sake whose name she bears.

What ask they jointly of their God
This yet unclouded day ?
Long life, prosperity, and peace,
And grace God to obey :
The faith to suffer and be strong,
And to the grave go down in song.

What asks true friendship of its God
This glad, propitious day ?
God's blessing on this happy pair,
To make their-lives like May—
To fill their hearts with hope and joy,
And happiness without alloy !

HOME.

Far, far from my kindrød an exile I roam,
Where the fields of the stranger spread out in their bloom,
And my spirit laments for the land of my birth,
For there's no place like home to be found on the Earth!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
A charm from the Skies seems to beautify home!

Though we possess all that this world can afford,
And flatterers daily encircle our board,
The heart will look back with repining and gloom,
And heavily sigh for our far-away home!

I look to the West, and I know it must be
That my parent to-night is a-thinking on me;
I know that yon evening star and yon moon,
Look down in their beauty on mother at home!

I know that the breeze by that old cottage door,
Is breathing through vines that shall shade me no more;
I know that wild flowers are spreading their bloom,
Bespangled with dewdrops around my sweet home!

But never again shall I wander and sing,
In those green-spreading fields with the song birds of spring!
Or climb the brown hillside in Autumn time lone,
And gather wild grapes for my mother at home!

Return, my fond heart, from that green, shady glen,
Return from that vale which I sigh for in vain!

A dark, stormy ocean is writhing in foam,
Between a lone child, and her mother and home!

But why in my heart should this sorrow abound?
The Christian has surely sweet prospects beyond:
Though lone wand'ring now yet I hope in my gloom,
To meet with all dear ones in Jesus' sweet home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

The joy of the Christian is Jesus' sweet home!

IT IS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED.

It is sweet to be remembered,
When the bloom of life has fled;
When each day that dawns upon us,
May us number with the dead:
When our youth lies half forgotten,
In the dreamy far-off past;
And our yearning spirits ponder
On the raptures of the Blest!

It is sweet to be remembered,
By the hearts we loved of yore,
When our souls were filled with music,
As we trod life's dewy shore;
When our voices rose in rapture,
As we watched the bright rainbow,
Weaving chaplets of wild flowers,
In the Mays of long ago!

Oh, 'tis sweet to be remembered,
By the souls who shared our toil,
When we crossed o'er life's meridian,
With our feet on burning soil.
It is sweet to be remembered,
With a thought of tender love,
With a faithful smile to cheer us,
Till our souls arrive above.

It is sweet to be remembered,
As the flow'rs remember Spring,
Cheering up the earth so lonely,
 wooing forth the birds to sing!
It is sweet to be remembered,
In the holiness of truth,
With the rapture of devotion,
And the purity of youth!

Sweeter still, yea, fonder, sweeter,
Is the thought that bids us feel,
That when all our toil is over,
When lone graves our forms conceal,
We shall long, long be remembered,
For the good works we have done:
And we bless our Great, High Master
For the glory and the crown!

TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

O mother, sweet mother, give ear to me now,
Dear mother so tender and true!

Behold the heart-sorrow that darkens my brow—
These tears!—I am weeping for you!

O parent, you're dearer I feel to me now
Than you were in the sweet years of yore,
Ere you'd crossed the dark waves of the river of Death,
Or walked on Life's beautiful shore!

For time only strengthens the sinews of love,
And grief only softens the heart;
And to-day I am longing and sighing to be
Where the loving have need not to part!

Like glad fertile isles in a lonely, grey sea,
Seem the years by your tenderness blest;
And a shadow has ever hung dark o'er my life,
Since they laid you, dear mother, to rest!

But I feel that the day is not far away now,
When I too shall be laid in the clay,
And my spirit arise to the door of the skies,
To dwell with you, mother, for aye!

THE CROSS AMONG THE HEATHER.

Below the flower-dappled hill,
Among the green wild heather,
There stands a low cross I will love
Forever and forever!

Some hearts may love the gleam of gold,
And others fame and glory,
But I love that cross pale and cold,
So sacred for its story.

The aged may forget their youth,
And dream of joys more tender,
But I shall ne'er forget in truth
My Mary to remember!

Hers was the purest, kindest heart
That ever learned to love me;
Her fondness made my life so much
Like Paradise above me!

And with the vines my heart is wrapp'd
Around that cross forever,
Below the flower-dappled hill,
Among the waving heather!

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL HERALD SONG.

Hoist ye the banner up higher in heav'n,
Where by the lightning the storm-cloud is riv'n;
There let its folds like a meteor flash,
Long as the waves of the ocean shall dash:
Bid the red lungs of the cannon declare,
How to our bosoms sweet freedom is dear!
Strike the harsh cymbal, and roll the loud drum;
Blow ye the trumpet, the jubilee's come!

Blow ye the trumpet! blow ye the trumpet!
Beat the loud drum!
Dance in the valleys, and shout on the hills!
Blow ye the trumpet, the jubilee's come!

Give the glad news to the far-flying sun,
Let him proclaim it to every land known;
Spread the white sail, and away to the sea,
Bid our marines turn their helms a-lea;
Tell them their brothers are calling for them,
Pouring the red wine on hill-top, in glen,
Leaping and shouting! Oh, bid them come home!
Blow ye the trumpet, the jubilee's come!

Come with us now, O ye sweet smiling maids,
Come, we'll join hands where our fathers joined blades;
Wake ye the viol, and dulcet, and harp;
Let every care from the bosom depart:
Wave ye the banner, and lead the proud dance,
Quicken your steps as the bold notes advance—
Freedom *forever*, and UNION, and HOME!
Blow ye the trumpet, the jubilee's come!

TENDER MELODIES.

THE SACRED SONGS.

THE LAMB IN THE WILDERNESS.

I'd wander'd away from my Good Shepherd's fold,
Far off from the beautiful gates of clear gold ;
And out on a rocky steep, barren and high,
I'd pillow my head in the desert to die !

'Twas night, and the darkest that ever I knew ;
A storm on the mountains, and mighty winds blew ;
And on every rude blast from Destruction's dark gulf
Came up the long howl of the blood-thirsty wolf !

I long'd to be back with the "ninety and nine,"
Asleep on the pallet which once had been mine ;
For hope had gone out, and despair had come in,
And I feared a dread death was the fruit of my sin.

But as I in terror for death waiting lay,
I heard a loud call 'mid the hills far away ;
'Twas the voice of my Shepherd, I knew the sweet tone,
And that He was searching for me the lost one.

I answered His call from the storm-beaten hill,
And soon He bent o'er me with kind, loving smile ;

But His garments were rent, and His tender hands torn.
And blessed feet pierced with a many a thorn !

But never complaining nor wiping the blood,
He bore a-back o'er a flood-beaten road ;
And He called all the while to the gates of pure gold,
"Rejoice, I have found the lost lamb of my fold !"

And the angels re-echoed around the white throne,
"Rejoice, for good Jesus bears homeward His own !"
But they knew not the thorns, nor the waters uncalm,
That the Shepherd passed through to reclaim His lost
lamb !

OUR EVENING HYMN.

Now sable night hath brought again,
The hour of man's retire ;
And in the far-off heavens reign,
Ten thousand worlds of fire.

O great and wondrous Monarch, Thou
Whose name amazement is !
Who framed the shining worlds below,
And Heaven's realms of bliss,

To Thee we humbly lift the tongue,
In heart-felt prayer and praise,
Still thankful for the mercy shown,
Which lengthens out our days.

Now we retire, and should our eyes
Not hail the earthly dawn,
Far, far beyond may we arise,
In our eternal home!

THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR'S JOY.

My ship is on the ocean,
The gale is fair and free,
I'm sailing, Port of Glory,
I'm sailing home to thee.
I know King Jesus longeth
To welcome me ashore,
And show me my possessions
In the sweet Forevermore.

Oh, blessed is King Jesus!
And blessed is His Word,
That promiseth the faithful
A dwelling with their Lord!
Yea, blessed be King Jesus,
Whom angels bright adore,
Who giveth me possessions
In the sweet Forevermore!

Oh! happy is the sailor
Who sails in Jesus' name;
Whose ship is on the ocean,
The Better Land to gain!

Then bound, my vessel, onward
Toward the pearl-white shore,
For I have rich possessions
In the sweet Forevermore.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER.

Lord, let Thy pard'ning grace this day
Gush like a river free ;
And wash the stains of sin away,
Till clean and pure I be.

Turn not away, nor close Thine ear
While I repentant cry ;
Show pity, O my Saviour dear,
Or I forever die !

Abandon'd at Thy feet, fond Lord,
I cast myself and weep,
My soul still clinging to Thy Word,
With hope serene and sweet.

I know Thy blood to set me free
Once dyed Golgotha's sod,
That Thou wast crucified for me,
Thou blessed Lamb of God !

Then take my heart, I give it Thee,
Its native peace restore ;
Lord, though the gift should greater be,
I cannot give Thee more !

THE GATES OF ZION.

The gates of Zion stand ajar,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !
Go spread the joyful news afar,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !
There is now shown to the Great Throne,
A beauteous path for ev'ry one,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !

The gates of Zion stand ajar,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !
Jesus has cleft the golden bar,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !
And angels call from tow'r and wall,
"Return ye ransomed sinners all,"
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !

The gates of Zion stand ajar,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !
The Gospel is our guiding star,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !
We'll fix our sight on its sweet light,
And travel to the Kingdom bright,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !

The gates of Zion stand ajar,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !
We're welcome where the Blest Ones are,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory !

Well may we sing, most joyf'ly sing,
The mercy of our Great High King,
Oh, praise ye the Lord in His glory!

THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

Come to the love-sweet Land of peace;
Come where the sounds of wailing cease;
Come where no dark clouds gloom the day:
Oh, come from the drear Earth away!

Yea, come to thy immortal Home:
Why in the desert longer roam?
Come where Life's golden river flows,
And rapture mingles with repose!

Come to the kingdom of the Blest;
Come take in Heav'n thy promised rest,
And wear the rare and radiant crown,
That in life's conflict thou hast won.

Thy aching heart long, long has bled;
Thy burning tears have all been shed!
Come meet in joy the loved of yore,
And walk in light forevermore!

Come from the drear recluse of night
Into the full and perfect light:
Come to thy sweet, divine abode:
Come, yearning spirit, to thy God!

SABBATH REST.

Far down the rosy halls of morn,
Fair Day shakes out her sunny hair:
A thousand flaming gems adorn
The landscape sweet and fair.

A holy quiet soothes the mind,
No sounds invade the listless ear,
Except the brook and early wind,
And wild bird singing clear.

This is the blessed Sabbath day
With all its peace and sweet repose,
In which the soul seems borne away
Where bliss enchanting flows!

There's something in the soothing scene,
That fills and thrills the weary breast;
A feeling that in thanks and love
May only be expressed!

So let my grateful voice arise
In heart-felt anthems long and loud,
To Him who reigns beyond the skies,
And morning's gold-girt cloud.

Thanks unto Thee, my gracious Lord,
For this sweet time of love and rest,

Recorded in Thy Holy Word
A day that Thou hast blest.

And when this toilsome life is done,
And all its tumults lulled to peace,
Oh, may my days beyond the sun
Be all as sweet as this !

HALLELUIAH.

Jesus intercedes for men,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah !
Jesus Who for us was slain,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah !
Let the song from pole to pole,
Loud as mighty thunders roll,
Glory, Glory, Halleluiah !
Halleluiah to the Lord !

Jesus intercedes for men,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah !
Yea, the blessed, holy Lamb,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah !
Pleads for us both day and night,
While the love-tears blind His sight.
Glory, glory, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah to the Lord !

Jesus intercedes for men,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah !

And the lost are found again,
Halleluiah, Halleluiah!
Through Him we shall happy be,
Happy all eternity!
Glory, Glory, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah to the Lord!
Let the song from pole to pole,
Loud as mighty thunders roll,
Glory, Glory, Halleluiah,
Halleluiah to the Lord!

A HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

Oh, kind is the care
That the Lord doth bestow,
On His children who dwell
In this desert below.
Like sheep that are fed
By a good shepherd's hand,
Our wants are supplied
In this drear, barren land.

And we thank Thee, O Lord,
For Thy kindness this day,
And Thy goodness will praise
In a sweet song for aye!
Though often we err,
Thou art quick to forgive;
And died on the cross
That vile sinners might live!

Oh, praised be the Lord,
On His throne in the sky,
Who a home hath prepared
For His children on high.
Yea, we thank Thee, O Lord,
For Thy mercy this day,
And praise Thee we will
In a sweet song for aye !

THE RANSOMED SPIRIT'S ADIEU.

What, Oh ! what is this ?
Is it agony or bliss ?
Is it life, or is it death ?
How it cramps my feeble breath !
Gently, O ye angel hands,
Loosen nature's tender bands !
See ! the lingering vital spark
How it trembles in the dark !
Upward—ah ! I see it flying—
Oh ! the *joy* ! the *pangs* of dying !

This, oh, this is death
Slowly quaffs my parting breath !
Hark ! I hear my Saviour call,
Standing on the Jasper wall,
“Come, O parting spirit, come
To thy bright immortal home !”
Ah ! my soul is upward flying !—
Sinking !—oh ! this ling'ring dying !

Now the work is done!
Now the doors of Heaven are thrown
Open as I upward rise
Through the soft, delightful skies!
Vile and envious world adieu!
Canst thou with thy pain pursue?
Ha! thy dire torment is o'er:
Death and Hell are in the yore!
Upward to the Blest Ones flying
I am ransomed now through dying!

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL HYMN.

God of our fathers, unto Thee
Tune we our grateful tongues in praise;
Oh, hear the glad sons of the free,
Shout Glory to Thy sovereign grace:
In Love and Freedom we rejoice,
And raise to Thee a thankful voice.

In Thy great Name our fathers drew
The sacred sword of Liberty;
And from Thy Heavens of starry blue
Fashioned the ensign of the free:
Now where it waves in native peace,
Reign Union, Love, and Happiness!

Those fathers' graves are green to-day;
Their noble spirits, Lord, with Thee

Are resting in their white array,
From toil to set their children free,
For whom they drained their deepest vein,
And purchased Freedom with blood-stains.

And while to Thee, dear God, we sing,
One blessing at Thy hand we crave;
Be Thou for aye our only King,
And rule this fair land of the brave:
And in Thy awful pow'r would we
Ask Thee to set the whole world free,

That when another hundred years
Have mingled with eternity,
Each bondman may have dried his tears,
And caught the anthems of the free:
And as each sweet year rolls along,
Awake to Thee a nobler song!

Be Thou our country's shield and stay,
Great God of love, forevermore;
And ne'er in anger turn away
From this our lovely "sunset shore."
Columbia, own thy Heavenly King,
And, Freedom, to His honor sing!

TENDER MELODIES.

THE SECULAR SONGS.

CONTENTS.

SUBJECT.	PAGE.
THE ISLE OF THE BEAUTIFUL STAR,	83
LEIBA: OR THE TEMPLES OF LOVE,	84
ANNIE NELL,	86
BARBARA ELLEN,	87
ROANOKE SIDE,	89
A SONG OF LONG AGO,	90
MY DARK-EYED SHEPHERD,	91
LUDA GLAINE,	92
I HAVE DREAMED YOU LOVE ME,	94
CASSANDRA,	94
SWEET-EYED MARY,	95
DAISIE MAY,	96
WEDDING-DAY ODE,	98
HOME,	99

SUBJECT.	PAGE.
IT IS SWEET TO BE REMEMBERED,	100
TO MOTHER IN HEAVEN,	101
THE CROSS AMONG THE HEATHER,	102
THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL HERALD SONG,	103

THE SACRED SONGS.

THE LAMB IN THE WILDERNESS,	105
OUR EVENING HYMN,	106
THE CHRISTIAN SAILOR'S JOY,	107
THE PENITENT'S PRAYER,	108
THE GATES OF ZION,	109
THE SPIRIT'S CALL,	110
SABBATH REST,	111
HALLELUIAH,	112
A HYMN OF GRATITUDE,	113
THE RANSOMED SPIRIT'S ADIEU,	114
THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL HYMN,	115

THE BOOK

OF THE

PLEASANT LEGENDS,

THOUGHTFUL HOURS,

AND

TENDER MELODIES,

SECULAR AND SACRED.

BEING

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FROM THE WRITINGS OF

GEORGE WASHINGTON KETTOMAN.

ANNO DOMINI 1875.

GETTYSBURG:

J. E. WIBLE PRINTER, CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND NORTH STREETS
1875.

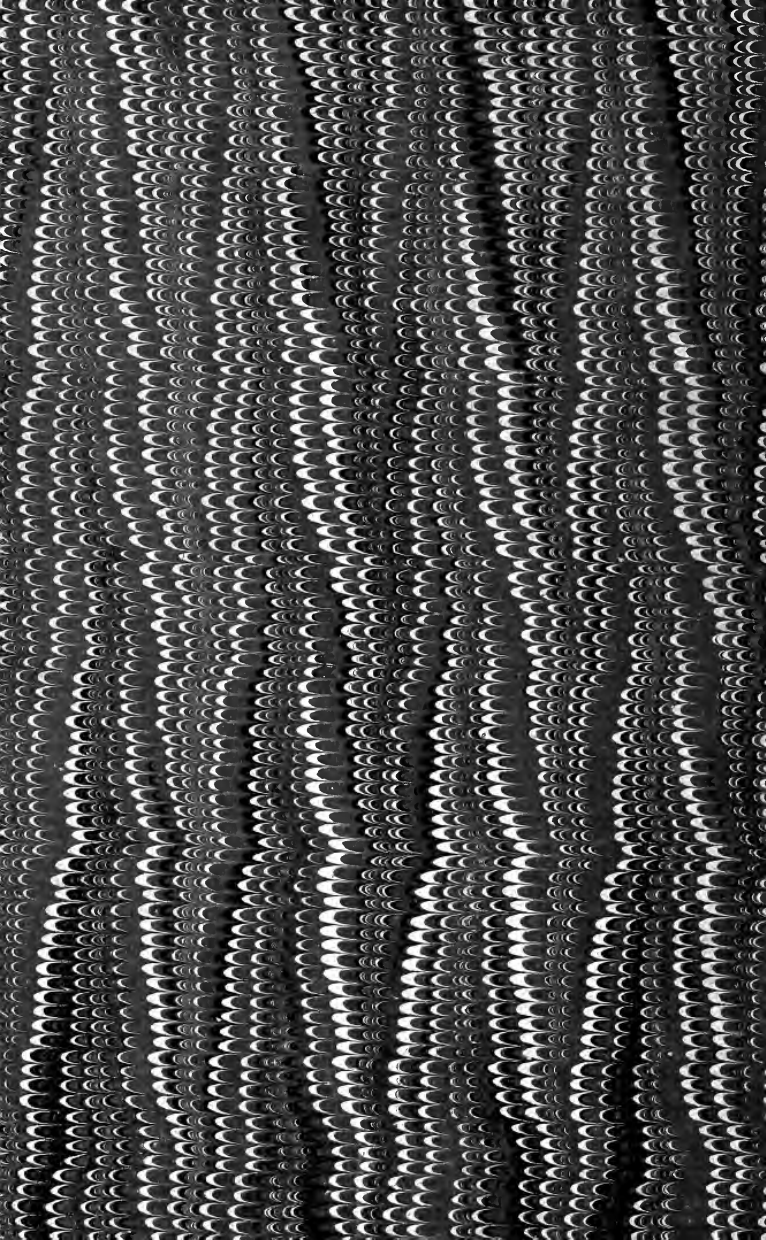


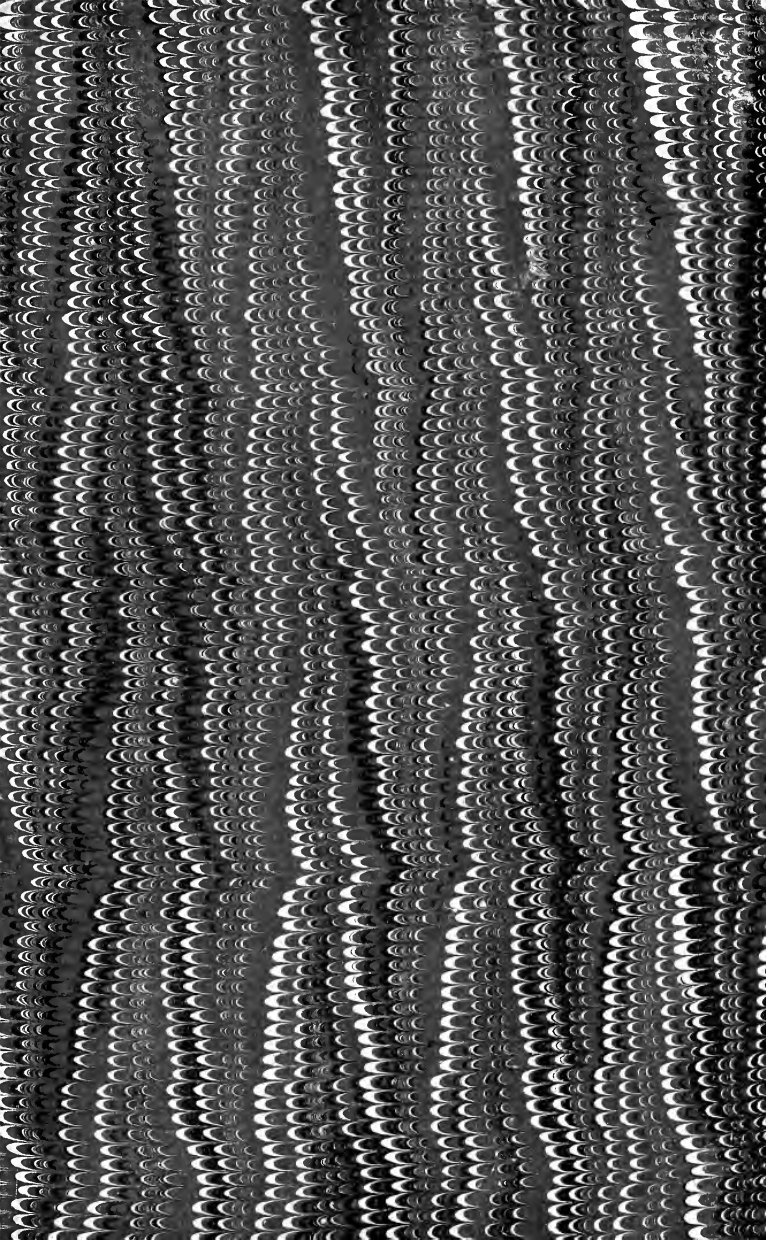












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